

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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### Agricultural.

#### NOTES BY THE WAY.

Shortness Cattle, Merino Sheep and Horses in Macomb County.

The day before the recent public shearing at Romeo was passed in visiting some of the herds and flocks of Macomb County in company with Mr. John McKay, the well-known Shortness breeder. To fulfill a long promised visit a start was made for the farm of Mr. J. F. Ferguson, near the village of Almont, who is breeding Shortness. We found him very busy with his farm work, and remodeling his barns to better accommodate his stock. He has a herd of about 18 head, young and old. Of the females some trace to Imp. Polythous (Brewster 7847), a cow imported by F. W. Stone, of Guelph, Ont., and bred by Mr. Morton of Skelmershall, England, in 1851; others to Imp. Phoenix 24, by Horatio (18335), imported by the Livingston Co. (N. Y.) Association in 1854, and bred by Wm. Ladd, Ellington, England, in 1852; then the Daisy Dean tribe, of which J. F. Ferguson's herd contains some fine specimens, has some representatives, and Mrs. Motte by Adam (717), and all. Of the bulls used in this herd the first was J. F. Ferguson's Stuart 39854, tracing through bulls bred by Wm. Curtis & Son to Imp. Strawberry by Wiseman 5267; then Capt. Lee 50348 followed, a bull bred by J. & R. Hunter, Almont, Ontario, and tracing to Imp. Syme by Baron of Kildale (11156). A number of the females trace to the herd of the late Ralph Wadhams, of Clyde Mills, and were sired by Lord York 2d 20260, a bull bred by Avery & Murphy, of Port Huron, and sired by Imp. Lord York (36766), dam Welcome by Grand Duke (18747). Capt. Lee is yet in the herd, and all the younger animals are by him. He is a good animal individually, and so quiet that the party went over in the field and handled him without his moving a step. He was at pasture with the cows of the herd, and as easily handled as any of them. Mr. Ferguson has an extensive farm here, which he is putting into good shape. The buildings are mostly new, and when he gets his present ones completed he will have a fine place. There is plenty of room here for a big herd of Shortness, and now that Mr. Ferguson had put his hand to the plow he should go straight forward. He has a great liking for the Shortness, and he knows how to care for them.

Leaving this farm we drove to the residence of Mr. O. S. Bristol, a young farmer who is pleasantly situated on the road between Romeo and Almont, one of the finest sections of Macomb County. He is just starting in sheep-breeding and has a flock of Merinos.

A short stop was also made at the farm of Mr. A. D. Taylor, the veteran sheep breeder, whose flock is now in charge of Mr. Will Chapman. We found Will in the barn looking over some sheep he intended to shear next day. Of course every breeder knows of the Taylor flock, and its breeding. Will was enthusiastic over a fine yearling ram from Clark's Luck, and a bunch of yearling ewes. The flock is entirely of Alwood blood, and has a great record in the past for weight of fleece and carcass and high quality of wool.

At George W. Phillips' farm, where the Shortness first found a home in this county, we did not have time to go back in the pastures to look over the older cattle, but saw some fine calves, among others a very neat young heifer from John McKay's Wild Eyes bull, one of the last of his get. Then McKay, the grand old son of Imp. Leamington, and out of Hamiltonia by Boston, was led out and put through his paces. He is twenty years of age, a brown in color, stands 16 hands high, and looks about ten years old, so bright is his eye, so flexible his movements, and so clean his legs. Beyond a blemish on one foot from an accident

there is not the first sign of age or of any unsoundness in this great horse. Then a young mare owned by Geo. W. Phillips, Jr., was led out. She was sired by Glencoe, a son of Capt. Burford, brought into this State by the late Hiram R. Andrews; dam by Potter's Henry Clay; 3d dam by Albert Draper (thoroughbred). She is a bright chestnut with four white legs like her sire, and a better muscled, finer proportioned animal we have not seen in a long time. Her dam is yet owned on the farm, and has given Mr. Phillips some grand colts. This young mare has been bred to Michigan.

Next farm is the home of the McKay herd of Shortness. When John McKay first settled on this farm he began to breed Shortness, and he has never lost faith in the red, white and roan in all the "booms" which other breeds have since enjoyed. We found the herd looking well, as it always does, with the last calves from Wild Eyes 25167 bearing testimony to his excellence as a sire. Two roan yearling heifers by him are going to make handsome cows, straight, square and of good size. The heifer from the Duke of Crow Farm, Mr. Ball's Rose of Sharon bull, has developed into a beautiful animal, a bright red with white markings, very smooth and symmetrical. Her last calf is a fine one, and she is bringing it up well while keeping as smooth and deep fleshed as ever. A white heifer calf by Wild Eyes is a model in form. Mr. McKay, as noted some weeks ago, has purchased a wild bred young Phyllis bull to head his herd. He was bred by Mr. Ball, is a red with some small white marks, and promises well.

On this farm we saw some of the best wheat met with this season. It had fine growth and was as thick as it could stand. One of the fields last year gave an average of 80 bushels of oats to the acre, and it looks good for 40 bushels of wheat this season. This farm shows how stock-raising will help the fertility of the land. There has always been a good flock of grade Merinos on this farm, but now it is being changed to thoroughbreds, the foundation coming from the flock of J. W. Thornton, of Romeo. The flock is in the particular care of Robbie, Mr. McKay's son, who is part owner.

The fine farm of Mr. J. C. Thompson is only a short distance from that of John McKay, and here can be seen one of the finest flocks of Merinos in Michigan—and Michigan has as good as any other State. Mr. Thompson is a thorough shepherd, and his flock is always ready for inspection. He has a grand lot of breeding ewes, good size, straight broad backs, and well covered with wool of an extra quality. His last stock ram was Zach Chandler 345, a pure Clark, and he is breeding upon his get another ram of Clark blood, Col. Humphreys 796, by L. P. Clark 207, dam L. P. Clark (10), by General 204; 3d dam, L. P. Clark (3), by Kilpatrick 64; 4th dam, L. P. Clark (3) by Chuck Head (205); 4th dam, Old Favorite, by Hammond's Green Mountain 67. This is Clark's best family, and Col. Humphreys does not disgrace his ancestry. The next day he sheared a fleece of 34 lbs. 15 ozs. of good wool, the staple even, of good length, and the oil very evenly distributed. Of course he carries a good deal of oil, but it is not in chunks, is free and will cleanse readily. In appearance he is a very striking sheep, with his short, broad, well covered head, heavy neck with folds reaching nearly to the ground, smooth body, heavy folds and deep flank. He is the sire of the ram sold by Mr. P. Voorhees, of Clarkston, to go to South America, and Mr. Thompson's crop of lambs from him are in every way satisfactory to him. In fact he knows he has got a prize, and appreciates him accordingly.

The sheep men of Macomb are feeling pretty well, and expect to get from 18 to 21c for unwashed fleeces this season, and 28 to 30c for washed. It looks as if their expectations would be realized.

#### Florida Lands.

DETROIT, May 18, 1937.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.  
Will you be kind enough to state in your paper whether the land which the St. Andrews Bay R. R. & Land Co., of Florida, promises to give away is swampy and worthless, or fertile and arable as they allege? They advertise to give a warranty deed for town lots, or pieces of 40 acres each, and ask one dollar simply to make the transaction binding. Is this a case of something for nothing, or nothing for something?

READER.

We know nothing of these lands. The game of giving town lots for a dollar or two is one which was largely worked in the west some years ago by so-called land companies. The money they got was just so much clear gain, as the lands were invariably worthless. The amount of good arable land given away by any one or any company will never make you rich, and Florida land schemes have gained such a malodorous reputation that a man would be foolish to invest even a dollar in one of them.

Flint Globe: Mr. Adam Holsinger, north of the city, recently lost a valuable mare. When she was found to be seriously sick veterinary surgeon John Phillips, of this city, was called, and on examining the beast gave it as his opinion that there was an absolute obstruction in the alimentary canal somewhere. A post mortem examination showed the correctness of his diagnosis, an ordinary halter-ring being found in the passage just below the stomach.

#### LEBANON FARMERS' CLUB.

The following is the programme as carried out by the Lebanon Farmers' Club at their March meeting:

Paper, "Co-operation of Farmers in Selling Produce." The writer said it would have to be mostly experimental at first. His plan was to form no monopoly; have no secret organization, but make it a national affair, and each State elect delegates to a national meeting. Should have it of such a business relation that each individual could send a pound's weight or any quantity he wishes.

In the discussion, F. Abbott hoped we could come to some conclusion and get the farmers to work up this matter. He had sold wool this way and it always paid him. J. Sessions thought it a big question but believed it could be operated successfully, and the best way to get it started would be through the farmers' clubs.

Following this was a talk by Jay Sessions on the "Root Crop." He preferred the long mangel wurtzel. Best soil is a gravelly loam, but can grow them on any soil that is well drained. Ground should be thoroughly tilled and well pulverized. Top dress with 35 wagon loads of well rotted manure to one half acre. Put them in drills 30 inches apart and thin from 10 to 14 inches apart in the rows. Can't cultivate them too much. When feeding to stock do not cut them up.

In the discussion F. Abbott said he would raise carrots along with mangels, as they give good color to milk in winter. A. Sessions has used the big drill to put in the seed but thinks it puts the seed too deep. Didn't believe in storing under the house but instead keep them in a cellar in his hay mow. He described his cellar, which is worth patterning after if one intends to raise roots.

R. Sessions said nothing that he feeds gives better returns for the same investment. He preferred the mangel. Had raised the French sugar beet by the side of the mangel and was convinced it was not so good.

S. A. Brooks then gave a talk on "Wheat Culture." He said he can't use the roller too much. Don't leave ground in ridges in fall but roll them down. Go slow on changing to new varieties. He still holds to the Clawson, as he is satisfied with his yield.

In the discussion M. Grove said don't put wheat in too deep. He has the best results with shallow plowing.

H. Winans said don't plow over five inches deep. He had plowed ten inches and got no wheat. Do not increase the depth of plowing in the spring. Drain the water well off from wheat.

C. Grove had plowed ten inches deep and got 18 bushels to the acre, and plowed six inches deep and got 33 bushels to the acre on the same field. Roughness was no protection to the crop. Summer fallow is no advantage in growing wheat.

A. Sessions said we must not get wrong impressions in these discussions. He thought plowing deep or shallow didn't have much to do with the quantity of the crop, but the land should be plowed about where it had previously been plowed. He believed in mulching wheat, and referred to cases where he had been benefited by so doing.

R. Sessions thought if plowing should be increased in depth it should be done gradually. He liked the idea of mulching wheat, and advocated dragging wheat in the spring, as it increases the yield and adds to the chances of a good clover catch. Thought we could not afford to summer-fallow at the present price of wheat.

H. Blakeslee believed in summer-fallowing to clear the land. Has had no experience in dragging wheat. Wouldn't roll spring seedling in fall but would roll in spring. Preferred to use a drill to sowing broadcast.

J. Sessions was decidedly opposed to summer-fallowing for wheat. According to statistics wheat grown on summer-fallow was but very little ahead of stubble grown wheat.

C. Grove said salt is very beneficial to wheat. Was opposed to summer-fallow.

C. Benjamin remarked, if he could he would summer-fallow to keep up the fertility of the land; but one is obliged to do what he can and not what he likes to.

In the question box many valuable questions were considered and answered.

General discussion followed, on the "Best farm horse," introduced by Milo Grove. He said we need heavier horses on our farms. A horse should have spirit and endurance; should be muscular, firm, bony, short on the back with a well rounded body; a good, cup-shaped foot, short below the knee, sloping hips, and good thighs. The Norman-Percheron horse, he believed, came nearest to this description among the heavy horses. He would have the weight 1,800 pounds and upwards.

J. Sessions wanted a general purpose horse and liked the Cleveland Bays best. M. Grove thought blacks and check reins on horses nuisances.

H. Blakeslee was in favor of heavy horses. Didn't believe in driving when hitched to a wagon.

H. Winans wanted a 2,000 pound horse. Would use three horses on a plow. Said lumbermen did not favor Percheron horses but wanted Clydesdales.

#### EVENING PROGRAMME.

Recitation by Birdie Grove.

Paper, "Farmers' Wives," by Mrs. May Warner. She said: Our pioneer mothers helped to make us what we are as an independent republic, and a reward is as much due to them as those who fought in the Revolution. Monuments of love and respect should be erected to the memory of those women as to the memory of our great statesmen and leaders. We differ from our forefathers and mothers, not in our natures but in the methods used to accomplish results. This generation needs mind power to accomplish the great and noble things of life, rather than physical strength. The farmers' wife, with all the improvements of to-day, ought to find time for social and intellectual improvements. She and her husband are partners in agriculture, and the business should be conducted on the same principle as any other partnership business. The capital invested should be used as both parties agree and the gain proportioned according to the property invested, and used as each sees fit.

Mrs. Benjamin would like to carry out the principles laid down in the paper. F. Abbott condemned the practice of eulogizing women for ordinary devotion when they happen to have husbands high in position. Thought that very few men divided up property with their wives.

H. Winans—I will divide with my wife on condition that she meets half the expenses. H. Blakeslee.—The law is unjust in reference to the portion left the widow. Am careless about furnishing improved machinery in the house.

C. Grove.—Have never transacted any business but what my wife has been consulted. Should have one common pocket book.

J. Sessions thought greatest cause for estrangement was that the husband neglected to consult with his wife in business matters. C. Benjamin wanted to be more liberal than others, so proposed that his wife conduct all his business.

Mrs. Benjamin said there would be a new leaf turned over at their house Monday morning.

Paper, "How to make Farming Pay," C. Grove. Winter is the time to map out business for coming season. Every farmer should have knowledge of chemistry. Never impoverish soil for want of food. Turn all coarse fodder and grain into manure by feeding stock. Need to keep all kinds of stock. Cultivate at proper time. Perishable articles should be marketed soon after harvesting. Never cut hay until dew is off. Grain is often too ripe before harvesting; should be left in capped stock until cured. Soiling system trust and best way of keeping up fertility of the farm. A farmer should not make a slave of himself but give his mind high development. He closed his very valuable paper with a poem summarizing his ideas of the subject.

In the discussion of the paper H. Blakeslee said: Sheep don't pay unless properly cared for. A man abuses his animals if he

doesn't give them proper shelter in winter.

C. Benjamin: Sheep well handled will bring a man out of a tighter place than any other animal will. Believed horses were healthier and better from running out in winter; hair would grow long and protect them.

M. Grove thought it was wrong to have horses out in winter, to say nothing of the loss in value.

H. Blakeslee thought long hair on horses injurious. They are not for growing wool. Poem, Nancy Gillespie, "My School Days." She gave a very entertaining and pleasing description of her early school life, and concluded that her school days would last through this life and be continued in the life to come.

Paper, "Small Fruits," by Frank Abbott. Strawberries: Put out in rows and cultivate with a man out of a tighter place than any other animal will. Believed horses were healthier and better from running out in winter; hair would grow long and protect them.

Raspberries: Put out in rows and cultivate with a man out of a tighter place than any other animal will. Believed horses were healthier and better from running out in winter; hair would grow long and protect them.

Blackberries: Put out in rows and cultivate with a man out of a tighter place than any other animal will. Believed horses were healthier and better from running out in winter; hair would grow long and protect them.

Cherries: Put out in rows and cultivate with a man out of a tighter place than any other animal will. Believed horses were healthier and better from running out in winter; hair would grow long and protect them.

Plums: Put out in rows and cultivate with a man out of a tighter place than any other animal will. Believed horses were healthier and better from running out in winter; hair would grow long and protect them.

Apples: Put out in rows and cultivate with a man out of a tighter place than any other animal will. Believed horses were healthier and better from running out in winter; hair would grow long and protect them.

Pears: Put out in rows and cultivate with a man out of a tighter place than any other animal will. Believed horses were healthier and better from running out in winter; hair would grow long and protect them.

Peaches: Put out in rows and cultivate with a man out of a tighter place than any other animal will. Believed horses were healthier and better from running out in winter; hair would grow long and protect them.

Plum: Put out in rows and cultivate with a man out of a tighter place than any other animal will. Believed horses were healthier and better from running out in winter; hair would grow long and protect them.

Apple: Put out in rows and cultivate with a man out of a tighter place than any other animal will. Believed horses were healthier and better from running out in winter; hair would grow long and protect them.

Pear: Put out in rows and cultivate with a man out of a tighter place than any other animal will. Believed horses were healthier and better from running out in winter; hair would grow long and protect them.

Cherry: Put out in rows and cultivate with a man out of a tighter place than any other animal will. Believed horses were healthier and better from running out in winter; hair would grow long and protect them.

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Cherry: Put out in rows and cultivate with a man out of a tighter place than any other animal will. Believed horses were healthier and better from running out in winter; hair would grow long and protect them.

Plum: Put out in rows and cultivate with a man out of a tighter place than any other animal will. Believed horses were healthier and better from running out in winter; hair would grow long and protect them.

special offering to parties wanting the highest type of bulls to head their herds. Other

Barringtons of Port Huron, Bow Park, and Side View ancestry, Craggs, Rose of Sharons of the Kenick sort, and representatives of the famous Flat Creek Marys, complete the catalogue.

This is the only sale announced this year, that will contain absolutely pure Bates cattle, and from the number offered, some 12 head from the three distinguished families of Hilpas, Kirklevingtons and Barringtons, the most fastidious breeder may make satisfactory selections.

#### SHEEP SHEARINGS.

At Marcellus, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Enclosed you will find a record of the shearing held by the Central New York Sheep Breeders and Wool Growers' Association at Marcellus Village, Onondaga Co., May 5th. PHILIP S. THORNTON, Sec'y.

Owner.	Sire.	Label Number.	Age, Yrs.	Weight, Lbs.	Gross Weight, Lbs.	Scour'd Weight, Lbs.	Length, In.	Width, In.	Face.
B. J. Wylie.	Figure Jr.	34	1	277	24	21 1/2	30	14	
H. C. Smith.	Adio dac	100	1	375	2	27 1/2	30	14	
D. V. Gosselt.	On'd'g	561	4	305	24	26	30	16	12
do.	Cabal.	638	3	305	24	26	30	16	12
do.	Luok.	644	3	305	24	26	30	16	12
PS Th'ratn	Handin	739	3	323	24	26	30	16	12
do.	Baudin	739	3	323	24	26	30	16	12
J. H. Earl.	B. K Ram	171	3	305	24	26	30	16	12
do.	do.	181	2	305	24	26	30	16	12
do.	do.	165	3	305	24	26	30	16	12
D. V. Gosselt.	Cabal.	661	3	378	24	32	31	10	
do.	Cabal.	639	3	305	24	27	31	11	
do.	Burg'd	230	3	305	24	26	31	11	
Just Morse	Granger.	79	1	384	2	31 1/2	18	17	
do.	do.	77	1	385	2	30	17	14	
do.	Bo'Jack	190	3	328	2	30	14	16	
H. Colton.	do.	79	1	305	24	26	15	14	
do.	do.	74	2	305	24	26	15	14	

At Meadmore, LaPeer Co.

Our shearing was held at Meadmore on May 11. We had a good day, a good show of sheep, and a fair attendance. Wm. Blom had six ewes, Perry and Norman Blom four ewes, James McGregor four rams and four ewes, E. L. Corner one ram, D. Fellows five rams and five ewes, D. F. Stone two rams and three ewes, James Thomas four rams, Walker Bros. one ram and P. D. German one Shropshire ram. Twenty-nine head were shorn with the following record.

Owner.	Breeder.	Label Number.	Age, Yrs.	Weight, Lbs.	Gross Weight, Lbs.	Scour'd Weight, Lbs.	Length, In.	Width, In.	Face.
J. McGregor.	ELKwood	118	1	115	307	28	39	12	
D. Fellows.	ADT'yor	710	2	129	308	28	39	12	
do.	Handin	389	3	110	303	28	39	12	
do.	do.	150	2	104	282	26	38	10	
do.	do.	150	2	104	282	26	38	10	
do.	do.	150	2	104	282	26	38	10	
do.	do.	150	2	104	282	26	38	10	
do.	do.	150	2	104	282	26	38	10	
do.	do.	150	2	104	282	26	38	10	
do.	do.	150	2	104	282	26	38	10	

A Scoring Record.

St. Johns, May 17, 1937.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Enclosed please find scoring record of fleeces scored at the Flint Woolen Mills for the Clinton County Wool Growers' Association.

DECATUR BROS., Sec'y.

NAME OF OWNER.	Label Number.	Gross Weight.	Scour'd Weight.
Charles Walters.	922	29 1/2	8 01
W. I. Carus.	482	28	9 01
Deatur Bros.	1481	28	7 02
H. B. Carus.	215	14	5 11
H. B. Carus.	250	19	6 12
H. B. Carus.	190	14	5 05
James W. Bestley.	2818	13 1/2	5 04 1/2

Birmingham Eccentric: John Snow sheared his sheep one day recently and from 38 sheep he secured 550 pounds of choice sample wool. Ten yearling ewes averaged 13 1/2 pounds each, which ought to satisfy any farmer as it does John, who is well pleased with the result of wool raising.

For the Michigan Farmer.  
FARMING IN THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

Probably no other equal area of consecutive square miles in the United States, affords so great a variety of climate or soil as does California. Here, both polar and tropical plants grow luxuriantly; and while the people of San Joaquin valley are sweltering with heat, those along the coast are comfortably cool, wearing heavy clothing.

Confining ourselves to the San Joaquin valley, particularly to Fresno County, we may justly divide the climate into the wet and dry, the former prevailing from November till March, yet during that time out of door labor is performed without serious interruption.

The principal crops raised without irrigation, are wheat and barley, the former being of two varieties, called Sonora and Propo, the Sonora being bald and the other bearded. The Sonora is the more hardy and better producer, but brings less money per hundred pounds, because giving inferior flour. Fruits, vegetables and grass must be irrigated, excepting on land where the water comes so near the surface that the soil is constantly moist. Such land is very productive. No red clover or timothy is grown, but alfalfa, which produces two to five crops each season, yielding one to three tons per acre at each cutting. The hay is similar to our red clover and much relished by stock.

After each cutting, the ground is flooded, to stimulate the growth of the next crop. But little Indian corn is raised, Egyptian being preferred. It grows like sorghum, but the seed is white, like homoeopathic sugar-coated pills; in fact, the first I saw was being eaten by a horse and struck me with astonishment at the size of the dose. Its analysis is but little different from that of Indian corn. The amount of labor required to properly irrigate and tend a garden, induces most ranchmen to depend on Chinese hucksters for their vegetables. These Chinese generally live on makeshift bottom lands, and run wagons late and early, providing farmers with their garden products. Land to be irrigated must be level, then supply ditches are run through it, and on either side of these the ground is divided by levees, into sections containing from one to five acres, so that one portion at a time can be watered. Very rarely can large areas be irrigated at once, so that irrigation for wheat is impracticable. The soil before wetting is as hard as pavement, but when wet, persons trying to walk over it will sink to their knees, and a horse or mule would get completely "bogged," so it requires about two days' drying of the land before one can venture to plow it, even though there are often low spots where a horse sinks to his belly in the mire, sometimes getting seriously injured. To hasten the wetting of the soil, furrows at intervals of about four feet, are first plowed through the section, then water turned on from the supply ditch. Often a squirrel or gopher has undermined a levee, and the water, running into the cavern, breaks out on an adjoining section, or into the highways, doing great damage, hence much experience is required to become a successful irrigator. Any teamster, seeing water lately run into the road, is very careful about driving, least he get "bogged."

The usual time to commence sowing grain is about the middle of November, after the first rain, and continues until March. The plows are gangs of two or five fastened into a triangular frame, with two wheels in front, and one in the rear, also a handle in the rear. From two to six horses or mules are used on each plow, and one driver follows by its side, sometimes leaving to







## Horticultural.

## HORTICULTURE IN THE GRAND RIVER VALLEY.

The Grand River Valley Horticultural Society held its last meeting on the 3d, at the residence of C. W. Garfield. The question for discussion was "How to economize time, labor and money in commercial fruit growing." We make a few extracts from the report made to the Grand Rapids Eagle:

Mr. Skeels in answer to a question about raspberry culture recommended pruning immediately after the gathering of the fruit, removing the clippings with a fork or rake, not leaving them on the ground until spring. He recommended the use of rubber bands for holding bunches of asparagus for market, rather than tying them with strings.

During a recess the company inspected the beautifully arranged and thoroughly cultivated fields of raspberries, strawberries, pears, plums, cherries and grapes which have given Mr. Garfield a reputation for practice as well as theory in horticulture, after which a splendid lunch and a good social time were enjoyed until at 2 o'clock the meeting was again called to order.

"Small Fruit for Home Use" was introduced by Mr. Garfield in a very interesting way, the thought that was most prominent being that quality should be the one thing sought. The largest yield of strawberries is obtained by the hill system, which should reach one quart per hill.

Mr. Bennett thought the proper way to succeed in strawberry raising was to test a large number of varieties on one's own ground and select from the best for a plant. Rev. John Sailer would not experiment at all, but would get old and well established sorts, at least those that had been well tried.

S. S. Bailey spoke of the difficulty of getting good strong plants, and would as soon buy blooded stock without a pedigree as strawberry plants that had not a pedigree; the strongest and best plants should always be used to propagate from.

Mr. Walter Meech, of the firm of Herrick & Randall, introduced the second topic: "What shall consumers require of those who furnish them fruits?" He would make it a point that the growers should bring their goods to market packed in the best manner; none but such as are marketable; all kinds of berries in full quart boxes except red raspberries, which should be in pint boxes, dry measure.

Mr. C. H. Hogadone argued that the better the shape in which all articles of farm produce are placed upon the market, the greater the profit in the long run.

A communication from Mr. Colman, Commissioner of Agriculture, was read as to grape growing and wine making; also announcing that the consular reports on foreign agriculture could be obtained if the society desired them. The secretary was instructed to secure them.

Mr. Sailer, on "Our duty to the roadside," suggested that it is the correct thing to keep them neat and tidy, plant trees at suitable distance for shade, and fruit trees of the upright growing and hardy sorts. The subject was discussed at large by those present, and all saw the importance of making the highways more pleasant.

The fourth subject was injurious insect pests. Mr. Skeels said the current worm comes first in order: the remedy was white hellebore, one part with two parts of sifted wood ashes, applied with common bellows on the under side of the leaves whenever the insects make their appearance; also after the fruit is gathered to destroy the late brood. For codling moth—London purple, one pound to 100 gallons of water, applied when fruit is the size of a pea, with pump to be effective; should put on with full force of a good pump. Tent caterpillar—Destroy the nests; the wild cherry is no more subject to its ravages than other fruit trees.

Curello—Jar the trees, catching them on sheets and destroy them. Continue this until the pit hardens, commencing as soon as the blossoms fall. For potato beetle—London purple, either by sprinkling or by soaking pieces of cut potato in the liquid and placing them between the hills; the bugs will eat the potatoes rather than the vines. Striped bug on cucumber and squashes—one part sulphur and seven parts ashes, dusted on the vine. Tomato worms—kill with stick or piece of lath. Black squash—by picking the eggs by hand. Cabbage worm—insect powder.

## FIGHTING THE CURCULO.

M. E. Morden tells the *Adrian Times* how he manages to raise plums in spite of the "little Turk":

I have experimented on the curculio for several years with solutions, fumigations, powders, applied when leaves and fruit are wet with dew and rain, with applications of salt and of hot water to the ground beneath the trees, with applications and appliances to the body of the tree, and with frequent jarring of the trees, with and without the catching sheets.

I will not attempt to tell all the useful things, but will state briefly the best means, effectiveness, cost and convenience considered.

The first and most important means is the use of air-slicked lime, or dry, fine coal ashes, sprinkled, or rather sown on the fruit, directly by the hand, in small handfuls, when the fruit is wet. First application should be made when the dry blossoms are falling. The fruit then is about the size of small currants. It should be reapplied every five, ten, or twenty days, according as it may or may not be washed off by hand showers. The last application should be made about the last of July or the first of August. From four to six or eight applications will be needed in a single season.

A step ladder is generally needed, and a sower should bring his hand near to the fruit, and dash little handfuls both above and beneath each limb or cluster of fruit, by a quick, sniffling stroke.

For ten large plum trees, one-half a barrel of lime or coal ashes, and four to eight hours' time will constitute the outfit for a single season or crop. The lime falling upon the ground acts also as a valuable fertilizer, as it does for all kinds of fruit.

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Other means, however, may be used as adjuncts: As a pasteboard band around the body of the tree, and painted with coal tar on the outside. Now, this one thing alone will be of no use, but if used in connection with frequent jarring it will avail much.

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From considerable observation I conclude that the Lombard plum and Imperial Gage are by far the best varieties for this region.

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## Growing Melons.

The *Farmers' Home Journal*, which is published in a million copies, gives the following as the "down South" method of raising fine specimens:

We do not think melons, as a rule, are considered bad to follow on the same land more than one year. At any rate, parties near Chicago who have warm, sandy land, grow melons year after year on the same soil. Of course manure is plentifully supplied, as very rich land naturally is not selected for melon culture, because the plant is apt to grow too much to vine, and not get ready to ripen its fruit in this northern latitude. Then again, the hills should not occupy the same spot each year, which may easily be obviated. The most successful growers for the market use both barnyard manure and guano, or some kind of superphosphate. The latter hastens the early growth of the vine and crop, as on the earliness of crop being got into market depends the money value of the crop. A clover sod plowed in, is a favorite soil at Hackensack, N. J., where melons are largely grown for the New York market. When it can be obtained, a compost of equal parts of night soil and stable manure, plowed in, is an excellent preparation; about twenty loads per acre is not too much. The sandy ridges, with a gentle slope to the southeast, are much used by melon growers for the Chicago market, as this kind of land absorbs the sun's heat early in the season, and gives the plants a good start.

Ground is prepared by first plowing in the manure. It is then well harrowed and firmed up, if for watermelons, eight or nine feet apart, each way; if for musk, six feet is sufficient. The hill is in the centre of this spot, and is drawn up so as to be two or three inches above the level. A good shovelful of well rotted manure is placed in this centre, and a dusting of guano, superphosphate of lime or podrette, scattered about the hill, in which six or eight seeds are planted. The planting time for this locality is not much before the first of June. Cut worms must be looked for, as also the striped cucumber beetle. The former is caught by a dusting of some material may be kept in check by a dusting of some of the insect destroyers. Where only a small quantity are grown, a strip of paper twisted and placed around the collar of the plant, partly below the ground, when large enough is a real protection against the cut worm in all plants it bothers. Another way for this crop is to make a ring of thick paper, about a foot in diameter, and three inches broad, and place this round the hill, which forms a complete obstacle to any marauders climbing from the outside.

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The jarring is best done by using a pusher or pounder shaped like a common clothes pounder, with the bottoms of rubber shoes, or some other material made into a pad, over the end of the pounder, so as to prevent injury to the tree. My opinion is that after curculio are jarred down a few times they become either crippled, discouraged, or disgusted, and so give up the stinging business. And here is where the tarred pasteboard, or cotton, wool, or other trunk appliances come in good, as a crippled curculio will crawl to his work when he cannot fly. Jarring and gathering the insects on a sheet is out of the question when the curculio are numerous. The same may be said of sprinkling and fumigations. They and many other remedies are of some use, but not of sufficient use to pay for the time required.

Finally, trees standing where there is sod should have a small area, say a circle three feet in diameter, spaded around the trunk. Fertilizers, and especially salt, should be used.

There is no good reason why Adrian and vicinity should grow thousands of bushels of plums almost every year.

## Rolling the Ground for Onions.

In many cases the growers of onions are not particular enough in the preparation of the ground; it is manured sufficiently and pulverized thoroughly, so thoroughly as to be overdone. The onion does not require a great depth of pulverized soil in which to grow, and if it is too deeply pulverized and strongly manured the tendency is to send up too strong necks. We have marked the most excellent success in growing this crop when only about two inches of the soil was pulverized; it tends to hasten bottoming and early maturity. So, where the soil is loosened to considerable depth by plowing, a very good way is, after it is worked smooth, to go over it with a good roller. This serves a double purpose, that of crushing all lumps that may exist, and at the same time forming the soil. In order to insure a good seed bed, which is always essential after rolling, if there is any anticipated danger regarding the proper insertion and covering of the seed in the hardened surface, it may be loosened a little by the use of a rake. It may be a little easier removing the weeds from a loose soil, but we have always noticed that the young plants make but slow growth in such a soil until after it has become compacted either by means of being worked upon or by falling rains.

We have seen the soil so loose that when stirred the young plant could not support itself; let this loose earth get dry and heated and the plants have little chance to grow, but let a smoother shower beat down the earth about the roots and they start as though having a new lease of life, and continue on to maturity. The different conditions of soil required by different crops is a matter that requires no little attention if the best results are expected.—*Germantown Telegraph*.

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# Kentucky Shorthorn Sales!

## GREAT FOUR DAYS SALES--JUNE 7, 8, 9, 10.

### Bates & Bates-Topped Shorthorn Cattle.

This will be one of the most attractive series of sales ever held in Kentucky, and will include some of the finest individual and best bred cattle in the country. They are young and healthy, of fine quality and style, suitable for the show ring and for laying foundations for herds.

### 220 FEMALES AND THIRTY YOUNG BULLS

The following families: Aldrie Duchess, Barrington, Wildeye, Kirklevington, Place, Roan Duchess, Hilpa, Duchess of Clarence, Vellum, Acomb, Rose of Sharon, Young Marys, Henrietta, Phyllis, Josephines, Miss Willys, etc.  
**JUNE 7th--WILLIAMS & HAMILTON, Longwood Herd, Mt. Sterling, Ky.** Address W. W. Hamilton, Lexington, Ky., for catalogue.  
**JUNE 8th--J. A. YOUNG & SON, Walnut Grove Herd, Mt. Sterling, Ky.** Address W. E. Bean, Mt. Sterling, Ky., for catalogue.  
**JUNE 9th--CLAYTON HOWELL & ASA BEAN, Mapleton Herd, Mt. Sterling, Ky.** Address W. E. Bean, Mt. Sterling, Ky., for catalogue.  
Six daily trains from Cincinnati and Louisville, both ways, to Lexington, and three daily trains both ways from Lexington to Mt. Sterling, Ky.

On the 10th of June, the cattle will be sold at the following places: 1st, at the residence of Mr. W. W. Hamilton, Lexington, Ky.; 2nd, at the residence of Mr. J. A. Young & Son, Walnut Grove Herd, Mt. Sterling, Ky.; 3rd, at the residence of Mr. Clayton Howell & Asa Bean, Mapleton Herd, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

### Merrill & Fifield, Bay City, Mich. Holstein Cattle.

**HEREFORD CATTLE.**  
The Michigan Herd of Prize Winners.  
At the head stands Clarence Groves (9709), an imported son of The Crowned King (dam Ruby by Spartan (5009); assisted by Tom Wilton (9332), a son of the great Lord Wilton and full brother to Mr. Bertrand's Sir Wilfred. Such cows as Lovey (24), Fairy Lass (24), Grace (24), Fair Maid (44) by Chancellor (30), Greenhorn (24) by Fairy Prince, Barcelona Queen (Horse) (24), three grand daughters by Herald (24), and others of equal merit, compose the breeding herd.

Choice Young Stock For Sale at Reasonable Prices. Write for Particulars.

### CHOICE PERCHERONS AT LOW PRICES.

This stock was imported expressly for T. W. Palmer's Fort Hill breeding establishment, Woodland Avenue, Detroit, and is second to no other in this or any other country. It was the result of the test of comparison and competition at the great National Exhibition of the American Percheron Horse Breeders' Association which was held in Chicago in 1886, and there securing the highest honors bestowed. At the head of the stock is "Marie Antoinette," awarded the Gold Medal of France for Best Percheron Mare of any age bred in America. Also young mares awarded various prizes both in this country and at the great concours of France in 1886.

No catalogues. Call at No. 4 Merrill Block, or address  
**FORD STARRING, Detroit, Mich.**

### JERSEYS!

Choice animals and their progeny, imported direct from the Island of Jersey by Senator T. W. Palmer expressly for his Fort Hill breeding establishment, Woodland Avenue, Detroit. Excellent breeding and individual merit the rule. Coomassie and Farmer's Glory the leading strains, with  
**GENERAL WOOLSELEY AT THE HEAD OF THE HERD.**  
General Woolseley is the imported son of the most beautiful and noted prize winner of that name upon the Jersey. Choice young bulls and heifers for sale very low. No catalogues. Write or call upon  
**FORD STARRING, Room 4, Merrill Block, Detroit, Mich.**

### White Plymouth Rocks

Winners of all principal premiums at Grand Rapids. Also prize-winning Land and Water fowls of twenty leading varieties. Eggs shorthorn at auction. The sale will be held in the morning at 10 o'clock. The lot will include the two stock bulls, Tecumseh 86, four years old, and Percheron 716 F. H. B. both imported and both sired by the renowned Percheron F. H. B. The sale will be held on the  
**FAIR GROUNDS AT LAPEER, MICH.,**  
**Thursday, June 2d, 1887.**

### GRAND PUBLIC SALE For the Season of 1887

Imported Clydesdale Stallion, Gen'l Johnston, of approved breeding and great individual merit, will be kept at my farm near Bancroft, Shiawassee County. General Johnston is a dark brown, with white hind legs, one white foreleg, white face and gray hairs through the body. He was imported in 1886, and is registered in the book of the Clydesdale Stock of Great Britain and Ireland. Farmers are invited to call on him before deciding where they shall breed their mares. Good draft horses are in great demand, and their value is advancing. You cannot afford to breed to a mongrel. Terms made known on application. Address  
**I. L. MILLS, Bancroft, Shiawassee Co., Mich.**

### PERCHERONS! ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM, Grosse Ile, Wayne Co., Mich., SAVAGE & FARNUM, PROPRIETORS.

Imp'ted & Pure-Bred Percherons  
All stock selected from the get of sires and dams of established reputation and registered in the French and American stud books. New importations constantly arriving. We have one of the largest studs in the country to select from including all ages, weights and colors, of both stallions and mares.  
Send for our Large Illustrated Cloth-bound Catalogue; Sent Free by Mail.  
We have some high-grade stallions and brood mares.  
**SAVAGE & FARNUM, Detroit, Mich.**  
**L. W. & O. BARNES, Detroit, Mich.**

### "LAKE VIEW" STOCK FARM, Byron, (Shiawassee Co.) Mich.

Wm. Ball, Hamburg, Livingston Co., bred of Shorthorn Cattle. Principal families: Rose of Sharon, Young Mary, Young Phyllis and Cruikshank. All stock selected from the best blood as well as the most thoroughly practical.

Wm. Wixom, Wixom, Oakland Co., bred of Shorthorn Cattle of the Kirklevington Herd. Principal families: Cruikshank, Rose of Sharon, Ayres Lady, Phyllis, Rosemary, etc. All stock selected from the best blood as well as the most thoroughly practical.

Wm. Fishbeck & Son, Woodland Stock Farm, Howell, Shiawassee Co., bred of Shorthorn Cattle. Principal families: Rose of Sharon, Young Mary, Young Phyllis and Cruikshank. All stock selected from the best blood as well as the most thoroughly practical.

Wm. Whitfield & Sons, Lakeside Stock Farm, Waterford, Oakland Co., bred of Shorthorn Cattle. Principal families: Rose of Sharon, Young Mary, Young Phyllis and Cruikshank. All stock selected from the best blood as well as the most thoroughly practical.

Bates & Martin, Grand River Herd of Jersey Cattle, Old Noble and Albert H. Bates, Chautauque young stock for sale. Address No. 10 Canal St., Grand Rapids. Farm five miles east of city.

Smith Bros, Eagle, Meadow Brook herd of Jersey Cattle. Stock of the highest quality and of the best strains. Houdan chickens. Address No. 10 Canal St., Grand Rapids. Farm five miles east of city.

J. G. Dean, Haver, high-class Jersey Cattle. Stock of the highest quality and of the best strains. Houdan chickens. Address No. 10 Canal St., Grand Rapids. Farm five miles east of city.

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M. UHL, Brookside Herd, Ypsilanti, Mich., bred of Shorthorn cattle, best milk and beef making qualities for sale. Correspondence solicited. Tel. 1000.

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P. A. BRADEN, Victoria Stock Farm, Bancroft, Shiawassee Co., breeder of pure bred Shorthorn cattle of the Victoria and Stapleton families. Lord Raspberry at head of herd. Young stock for sale. Tel. 1000.

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G. W. ARMS, Portland, breeder of Shorthorn cattle of the Young Mary and other popular strains of blood. Young bulls for sale. Tel. 1000.

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M. DAVIDSON, Tecumseh, Lenawee County, Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. A few choice young females for sale. Also some young bulls. Correspondence will receive prompt attention. Tel. 1000.

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O. SNOW & SON, Oakland Park Stock Farm, Kalamazoo, breeders of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle. Families represented are Young Mary, Young Phyllis and White Rose. Correspondence promptly answered. Tel. 1000.

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THE COLLEGE FARM, Agricultural College, Mich., breeds Shorthorn cattle, Berkshire swine, and Poland China swine. Stock of both sexes for sale. A choice lot of animals always on sale at very reasonable prices. Address: 200 N. 1st St., Lansing, Mich. Tel. 1000.

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W. M. FISHER & SON, Woodland Stock Farm, Howell, Shiawassee Co., bred of Shorthorn Cattle. Principal families: Rose of Sharon, Young Mary, Young Phyllis and Cruikshank. All stock selected from the best blood as well as the most thoroughly practical.

W. M. WHITFIELD & SONS, Lakeside Stock Farm, Waterford, Oakland Co., bred of Shorthorn Cattle. Principal families: Rose of Sharon, Young Mary, Young Phyllis and Cruikshank. All stock selected from the best blood as well as the most thoroughly practical.

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CHAS. F. GILLMAN, "Fenfold Farm," Farm, Percheron, Breeder and dealer in thoroughbred Holstein-Friesian cattle and Merino sheep. Tel. 1000.

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STONK & BIGGS, Hastings, breeders of thoroughbred Holstein-Friesian cattle. Joseph 108 at head. Stock for sale. Write for price and catalogue. Tel. 1000.

W. B. CLARK, Holland, breeder of pure-bred Holstein-Friesian cattle. Stock for sale. Tel. 1000.

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W. L. WEBBER, East Saginaw, Herd of pure-bred Holstein-Friesian cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence and personal inspection solicited. Tel. 1000.

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EDWIN PHELPS, Maple Place Farm, Pontiac, Mich., breeder of Hereford cattle at head of herd. Stock of both sexes for sale at reasonable prices. Tel. 1000.

RIVERDALE STOCK FARM, Metamora, Mich., breeder of Hereford cattle, Merino sheep, and Berkshire swine. All stock registered. Correspondence solicited. Address: M. Wickham, Manager. Tel. 1000.

THOMAS FOSTER, Elm Grove Stock Farm, Elm Grove, Mich., breeder of Hereford cattle. Lord Berwick at head. Stock for sale. Correspondence and personal inspection invited. Tel. 1000.

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R. G. HART, Lapeer, breeder of Percheron and Standard-bred Trotting horses; Devon, Galloway and Hereford cattle; Merino sheep and Berkshire swine. All stock registered. Farm adjoining city limits; residence, and breeding and sale stables in the city. Come or write. Tel. 1000.

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R. B. CARLSON, Essex, Clinton Co., N. Y., breeder of Galloway cattle, American Merino sheep and Essex hogs. Correspondence solicited. Tel. 1000.

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A. WOOD, Saline, breeder of thoroughbred Merino sheep. A large stock always on hand. Also Poland China swine, bred from those of B. G. Buel, of Little Prairie, Ind. and G. W. Harrington, of Paw Paw. Tel. 1000.

C. E. LOCKWOOD, Washington, Macomb Co., breeder of registered Merino sheep, of Woodstock stock, descended directly from the Hammond stock. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. Tel. 1000.

E. BURLINGAME & SON, Byron, Shiawassee Co., breeder of registered Merino sheep of rich blood; also Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence invited. Tel. 1000.

F. M. DEAN, Maple Avenue Stock Farm, Farmington, Lenawee Co., breeder of improved American Merinos. All stock registered and descended from Vermont flocks. Also registered Poland China Swine. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. Tel. 1000.

G. L. HOYT, Saline, Washenaw Co., breeder of Vermont and Michigan registered thoroughbred Merino sheep. Stock for sale. Tel. 1000.

J. A. GIBNEY, Kalamazoo, breeder of registered Merino sheep. Size, form, length and density of fleece specialties. Young stock for sale at low prices. Correspondence solicited. Tel. 1000.

JAMES McCREGOR & SON, Metamora, Mich., breeder of thoroughbred registered Merino sheep. Stock for sale. Tel. 1000.

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J. O. THOMPSON, Romeo, Macomb County, Mich., breeder of Thoroughbred Registered Merino sheep; also Poland-China Hogs. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. Tel. 1000.

J. EVARTS SMITH, Ypsilanti, breeder of thoroughbred Merino sheep, registered in Vermont. Register, Rams and ewes for sale of any breeding, together with recent selections from some of the best flocks in Vermont. Correspondence solicited. Tel. 1000.

J. S. WOOD, Saline, Washenaw Co., breeder of Vermont and Michigan registered thoroughbred Merino sheep. Stock for sale. Tel. 1000.

R. W. MILLS, Maple Ave. Stock Farm, Saline, Washenaw Co., breeder of Vermont registered Merino sheep. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. Tel. 1000.

D. HATHAWAY, Addison, Lenawee Co., Mich., breeder of thoroughbred American Merino sheep, registered in Vermont and Michigan Register, together with recent selections from some of the best flocks in Vermont. Correspondence solicited. Tel. 1000.

S. Q. LOMBARDO, Addison, Lenawee Co., breeder of Vermont and Michigan registered thoroughbred Merino sheep. Stock for sale. Correspondence invited. Tel. 1000.

S. Q. HADLEY, Unadilla, Livingston Co., Mich., breeder of thoroughbred and registered Merino sheep. Stock for sale. Correspondence promptly answered. Tel. 1000.

W. M. C. SMITH, Brookdale Farm, breeder of registered Merino sheep. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. Tel. 1000.

W. M. C. SMITH, Brookdale Farm, breeder of registered Merino sheep. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. Tel. 1000.

ROBERT R. SMITH, Howell, breeder of Hereford cattle and registered Shropshire sheep. Stock always for sale. Terms to suit customers. Tel. 1000.

T. A. BIXBY, Lake View Stock Farm, south of Howell, breeder of Hereford cattle and registered Shropshire sheep. Largest flock in Western Michigan. Inspection invited. Tel. 1000.

HORSES--Draft and Trotting.

W. HAYDON, Decatur, Van Buren Co., Ill., breeder of full-blooded Percheron horses. At head of herd is imported Chers, winner of four first prizes and gold medals in France, including first prize and gold medal at the Universal Exposition of Paris in 1878. Also thoroughbred Merino sheep in Vermont and Michigan registers. Stock for sale. Tel. 1000.

H. C. BENTON, "Maple Hill Side," Northville, Wayne County, breeder of draft and trotting horses, with Walter H. a Percheron, Captain a coach, and the trotters Neptune and John Miller in service. Tel. 1000.

N. J. KELIS, Springfield, Oakland Co., breeder of high grade Percheron horses. Stallions in use in Pa. Ingomar 1880 and Patsmore 5001 (1879). Tel. 1000.

Victoria Duke Bulls For Sale.

One yearling bred by Lord Kirklevington of Erie and one two-year old by the same sire. We also have one registered Jersey bull for sale. Address: John F. Sanborn, Fort Worth, Mich. Tel. 1000.

to S. S. Day, Samples worth \$1.00, FREE. Send no money. Address: S. S. Day, 100 N. 1st St., Detroit, Mich. Tel. 1000.

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#### HOGS--Berkshires & Suffolks.

A. W. COOLEY, Coldwater, Branch Co., Mich., breeder of pure Berkshire hogs of large size and very best strains. Pigs and young breeding stock for sale at reasonable prices. All of my breeders are recorded in the American Berkshire Record. Write for prices. Tel. 1000.

A. & H. C. WRIGHT, Grand Blanc, breeders of pure-bred Berkshire hogs of large size and very best strains. Choice young stock for sale. Correspondence promptly



## Poetry.

## COME HOME, FARMER SENATORS OF MICHIGAN.

Husband, dear husband, come home to me now,  
From Lansing's care, and its harm;  
'Tis lonely without you, why do you not come?  
And see to the things on the farm?  
You told me when you were elected last fall,  
If I would but once let you go,  
You surely would come ere the winter was gone;  
Of course I believed it was so.

Husband, dear husband, come home to me now,  
I'm sniffling the odors of spring;  
You've staid long enough at the capitol there,  
You're much safer under my wing.  
The old horse is paying the stable hand read,  
The colt's in a terrible sweat,  
The small brindle heifer has got a white calf,  
And the cattle are bawling for you.

Husband, dear husband, come home to me now,  
I'd like to observe what you're at;  
When will you get through with your bills and  
resolves.

Your speeches by this one and that?  
The windmill is broken, the pump will not work;  
The hired man is off on a bum,  
Your mileage is paid by the longest way round.  
But take the shortest cut home.

The voice of your Betsey is calling you, dear,  
His nearly the time to make soap;  
And some of the women are saying, my love,  
I'm giving you quite too much rope.  
They say there is desperate flirting up there,  
With widows and maids not a few;  
I haven't been kissed since the morning you left  
Bet, Davis, how is it with you?  
Come home, come home,  
You hear me, you rascal, come home!

## FROWNS AND TEARS.

Before the days of clock in hall,  
Or watch in pocket or on wall,  
The ancients told the time of day  
By measurements of sun and shade.  
Just as you do, you forward leg,  
Who can be everything but gay.  
They set up in a public place  
A dial, with a painted face,  
Whereon a figure, like your nose,  
Or like your threatening finger, rose;  
And when the sun went up and down,  
Pointed the hours, as you do now.

With sullen humors on your brow,  
For every hour a different frown;  
When the sun set, or hid his light  
In cloudy days, and in the night,  
They told the time another way.  
By water which from vessels dropped,  
Till they were emptied, when it stopped;  
And this they called the clepsydra.  
You use the same old measure yet,  
For evermore your eyes are wet,  
You leaky creature, old and sour,  
Whose life is a perpetual shower;  
Strong should be and in his prime,  
To whom, as wife, you measure time.  
How he can tell, with you in sight,  
Whether it be the day or night,  
Has puzzled me, I own, for years,  
Your peevish temper change so soon;  
Your frown, as now, proclaims it noon,  
And now 'tis midnight—by your tears!

—R. H. Stoddard, in Harper's Magazine.

## Miscellaneous.

## FOR LOVE OR KINDRED?

Priscilla Drewry sat in one of the window-seats of the old-fashioned shabby school-room at Drewry Manor. The pale rays of an October sun, shining through the small greenish panes behind her, seemed to have given up the attempt to make the sombre room look brighter, and to have concentrated all their light upon the beautiful creature sitting there. They shone upon the cigar-brown velvet dress that fitted her tall commanding figure so perfectly, upon the delicate carmine in her soft cheeks, and the crimson of her arched lip; they brought out strange lights and shadows among the thick short curls of her rough dusky hair, and tawny gleams in the sombre blackness of her eyes. For Priscilla was one of those women set apart from the rest of her sex to be flattered and worshipped and loved—Priscilla was a beauty.

Ever since Lady Laura Drewry took her seventeen-year-old daughter to London and pawned her diamonds to pay for her presentation dress, Priscilla had been by common acknowledgment one of the most beautiful women in society. That was eight years before; and still, at twenty-five, she not only held her own, but far outshone all new-comers.

And she had many difficulties in her path. She had been out for seven seasons, and had not "gone off" yet, a circumstance chiefly owing to her reluctance to fulfill a certain arrangement—an arrangement which young girls in all the freshness of their debut used against her with great effect. Then there were dark whispers in society as to the conduct and disappearance of her brother Charles; and, worse than all, the Drewrys were exceedingly poor. How they managed to come up to London year after year from their place in the North, and hold their own with people who counted their incomes by thousands to Robert Drewry's hundreds, was one of those mysteries which perhaps only beautiful, proud, Priscilla herself could explain. But they did. Robert Drewry had one of the prettiest houses in Park Lane for three months every year; Priscilla had her carriage, her hack for the hour, her costly dresses and dainty headgear from Paris, her box at the Opera, her "evenings" once a week.

Late in the season, when strawberries and pippins were cheap and green peas plentiful in the market, the Drewrys gave a couple of dinners and a dance, and then departed for the dreary tumble-down mansion among the Westmoreland hills which they called home—there to pinch and save and make every shilling do the duty of two for nine more weary months.

A strange life truly! But the girl had been brought up to it, and it seemed to her quite the thing for people in their position, who were unfortunately poor, to do.

"If mamma had only not been so well connected!" sighed Priscilla sometimes, as she saw her father turn away from the breakfast-table, his appetite spoiled by the pile of bills before him.

"Your mother's connections are our only chance, since you will do nothing for us. How long do you think I can keep my head above water? How long do you think Lord Carstone will wait for you?" her father would growl, looking with grudging admiration at his daughter's lovely face.

And then Priscilla would shrug her sloping shoulders, and go away to the school-room, to convey to Laura and Annie the little knowledge she herself possessed.

"When will you marry Lord Carstone?" old Mr. Drewry asked his daughter over and over again. "He will not wait forever, you know. But that he feels you have a better right to that money than he has, I dare say he'd have taken some one else long ago."

"I am not even engaged to him—I do not love him—you shall not hurry me, papa," was the only answer Robert Drewry's most passionate threats or abject entreaties ever procured from his stately daughter.

But all that was over—the "family arrangement" had fallen to the ground; for Priscilla had fallen in love with the only son of one of the wealthiest men in England, who was perfectly willing to do all and everything for Drewry that Lord Carstone would have done.

Without a murmur Robert Drewry accepted the new state of affairs—indeed he had begun to despair of ever bringing about a marriage between his lovely daughter and the little delicate nobleman. And he hardly wondered that she would prefer gay, laughing, handsome George Meath, with his curling hair and his brown eyes and his six feet of stature.

But there were some things connected with George Meath which Mr. Drewry found very hard to overlook. When, thirty years before, Meath's Bank began to be talked of, and "Meath's luck" discussed and envied on the Stock Exchange, no one knew exactly who Meath was, except that he was a quiet, soft-voiced, gentlemanly fellow, who had apparently the power of turning everything he touched into gold, and an absorbing passion for good society.

Good society was the god he worshipped. For that he lavished his gold on costly entertainments; for that he sacrificed the natural affections of his heart to wed an Earl's daughter; for that he sent his son to Eton and Cambridge, and would not hear of his defiling his finger-tips with "trade." No, George should be a gentleman, declared his father proudly. And George declared the desire of the old man's heart in that he was every inch a gentleman, although perhaps it was to his own pure and noble nature that he owed the distinction, and not to the people he mixed with.

One night in June, George Meath, with a score or so of other mortals, struggled up the staircase of the little house in Park Lane, on the occasion of the Drewrys' dance; and, pausing before he entered the brilliant flower-decked room, he saw Priscilla standing opposite to him, her lovely face raised a little, and her dark head tilted back against the blue-and-gold panelling of the wall. He looked at her for a few minutes, and when he was presented to her, he knew by heart every detail of her rich dark loveliness—nay, of her very dress, from the scarlet flower in her hair to the flashing buckle on her shoe. And at that first glance he loved her, and almost immediately set about showing her that he did so.

For George Meath was not by any means a timid wooer. He had heard rumors certainly of an "understanding" between the Drewrys and Lord Carstone; but, when he had ascertained that Priscilla was not engaged to him, he thought of that no more. For he told himself that, although she could look back on ten generations, while he could barely count two, he was as much a gentleman as she was a lady, and that he could but try his fortune. And he did try, so persistently that Priscilla awoke to the knowledge that she had a heart, and at last her time was come, and that she loved George Meath.

Before the Drewrys left London, they were formally engaged, and the young man pressed for an early marriage; but to this Miss Drewry would by no means consent.

"You do not know me well enough," she said, with her sweet, bright smile; "you know me only as the princess with the glass slipper and the golden coach—you must know me as Cinderella sitting among the ashes."

"What nonsense!" protested George eagerly. "Of course I know Mr. Drewry is not rich; but I would dress you in diamonds if it pleased you."

But Priscilla held firmly to her purpose. It was arranged therefore that the marriage should take place at Christmas; and in the meantime George was to come to Drewry to see his Cinderella without her fairy godmother's gifts about her. And, if he could have loved her more than when she was one of the spoiled darlings of society, envied and flattered and caressed, he loved her more now—the guide and ruler of the frugal household, her father's friend and confidante, her sisters' teacher and playmate.

She had no secrets from him. She told him of her brother—how he had disappeared, overwhelmed by debt, from the regiment in which he had been lieutenant, and was now serving, under a false name, as a common trooper at Dover. She told him also how Drewry Manor, which had been theirs for generations, might at any moment be seized by their creditors.

"That shall be altered now," said George confidently. "I should like to see any one put your father out of Drewry while I am here!"

So Priscilla sat in the shabby schoolroom this October morning and thought of her lover.

A telegram from the bank had summoned him hastily to London on the day before, and he had gone, promising to write to Priscilla as soon as he arrived.

"I shall get the letter tonight—my first love-letter!" thought the girl, smiling to herself. "I dare say it is something about the place at Richmond which Mr. Meath is buying for us."

The noisy opening of the schoolroom door and the entrance of her father roused her from her reverie. She looked at him in surprise. He was a violent, passionate man at all times, a man embittered by an embarrassed estate and a perpetual load of debt, as he persisted in living beyond his means. But now his features were absolutely convulsed with rage, and he had the wild, disordered look of one who had just received a violent mental shock.

"What is the matter?" she cried, starting up, while Laura ceased playing and fixed her large eyes on her father. "Is it—?"

Priscilla was so used to the sudden coming of those birds of ill omen that her first thought was of them.

Looking at her with a certain glaring fury in his eyes, Mr. Drewry flung a crumpled newspaper beside her on the window-seat,

and exclaiming, "There's your precious lover for you!" began walking rapidly up and down the room.

She took the newspaper with trembling fingers and opened it; but the lines swam before her eyes, and she faltered out—

"Tell me—I cannot read it!"

"You would not have Carstone, your own relative, who would have given me my days in peace and comfort. No, you must have this fellow, a millionaire to-day, a pauper to-morrow! Well, do you see it now? Are you proud of your great catch—a man that never heard of his own grandfather—bah!"

She did see it. With a sickening fear at her heart, she turned from her father to the newspaper in her hand, and there, in large headlines, she read, "Great Failure in the City," "Stoppage of Meath's Bank," "Exclamation in the Stock Exchange," "Meeting of Creditors;" and then, a little farther on—"Suspected Swindling Transactions," "Flight of the Cashier," "Disappearance of Mr. Meath."

The newspaper slipped from her hand, and she fell forward upon the window-seat. She did not faint or cry out, or burst into tears; she only lay there, like a child shrinking from a blow, her head pressed to the oak window-shutter, her ashen-white face hidden in her hands. For she knew well what the failure of the great bank meant to her and hers.

Drewry, already tottering on the brink of ruin—Drewry, that had belonged to her race for six generations—must go. And her father, and her two helpless beautiful young sisters—what would become of them? And her brother, the poor young soldier who was to have gone, with George's money, and through George's influence, to a good appointment in Australia—what hope was there for him now?

Laura left the piano, and kneeling down by her sister, tried to soothe her; and Robert Drewry, seeing the agony on her pale face, grew gentler.

"It's all over," he groaned, sitting down near her—"it's all over now, Priscilla. As soon as Shafter and Spiro hear of this, they'll foreclose. I've never been free from the Jews all my life, and they have me by the throat at last. Great heavens, what am I to do when Drewry is taken from me?"

Priscilla hardly heard him. The thought had struck her that she would never see her lover again—that the letter she expected would be to say farewell forever—that she would see him no more. Her agony was unendurable.

"What is Drewry to me?" she cried, raising her bowed head. "What is anything, compared to George? Oh, if I had been his wife! If I had the right to be with him, to comfort and help him! But I must stay here, and go mad or break my heart!"

She sank back, trembling and sobbing, on the seat.

"That is the only bit of luck in the whole business!" exclaimed her father. "What would become of you if you were his wife?" She did not answer directly.

"Father," she said, after a pause, looking with great solemn eyes straight into his face, "I must see him again. Will you take me to London?"

"Good heavens, no, Priscilla! You will see him, never fear! Why, his engagement to you is the best card in his hand now, and of course he knows it! I only wonder he did not bring the news himself."

"You do not know him as I do, papa. He will not come; he will write and bid me farewell, and I—I shall die!"

"What do you want?" cried Mr. Drewry, irritably. "If he has the good feeling to keep away, why let him! You could not possibly marry him now."

Priscilla made no reply; but a slight color rose in her pale cheeks, and a look almost of happiness crossed her face.

He caught the look, and, interpreting it aright, burst out into a violent rage.

"Yes, yes, you would! You would see your father and those two girls homeless, penniless! You would see Drewry taken from us, that has been ours for three hundred years! You would forget that poor boy eating his heart in a common barrack-room! Such things are nothing to you, compared with your selfish passion!"

"Father," said Priscilla, turning her face towards him, "what do you want me to do?"

"I want you," was the brutal answer, "to have some natural affection for those nearest and dearest to you—to think a little more of your brothers and sisters, and a little less of this swindler's son, if he is not a swindler himself."

"But what am I to do?"

"You know very well. You know how anxious Lord Carstone is to do us justice with respect to poor Laura's fortune—the fortune out of which I was cheated. Let me write to him and tell him the Meath affair is 'off'; that will quiet enough."

The loss of the money—fifty thousand pounds—which the Earl's young daughter had forfeited when she dropped from her window into handsome Robert Drewry's arms, had embittered his whole life. Even his daughters, used as they were to his violence, shrank terrified from his rage and despair when he found that the dying Earl, implacable to the last, had left it to a distant relative—Lord Carstone.

Lord Carstone, a wealthy and scrupulously honest man, was exceedingly embarrassed by the bequest, for he felt that Lady Laura's money ought to have gone, not to a distant cousin, but to her daughters. Therefore he had proceeded to Drewry, and, with her father's hearty concurrence, proposed to Priscilla, and offered to settle her mother's money upon her.

But Priscilla was obdurate. She did not love him, she said; and she utterly declined to bind herself in any way—she would make no promises, enter into no engagements. If he preferred to wait, he might. Perhaps in time she would like him better.

So the little nobleman with his delicate frame and his faithful heart, waited, and hoped against hope, even when he heard of her engagement to George Meath; for he loved her with a patient, dogged affection that knew no change.

When Priscilla said to her father, "What am I to do?" she knew well what his answer would be. And yet—oh, if there were any other way to save Drewry, to help her family! She laid her head upon her young sister's shoulder, for she felt the need of some human sympathy in her bitter trial.

"Laura," she whispered, "think for me, child. What am I to do?"

"Is it really in your power to keep us here in the old place?" asked the younger girl.

"Yes, I believe so."

"Oh, then, have pity on us! Think of Annie and me! Think of poor papa there! Think of Charlie, who should have Drewry afterwards!"

"Father," said Priscilla, raising her head, "I must see him again. I tell you I must! It's of no use trying to stop me. And, after that, when I have bidden him good-bye forever, you may make what terms you like with Lord Carstone; I will fulfill them, I promise you—but I must see George again."

Mr. Drewry hesitated a little; but the resolute set of the colorless lips, the steady solemn eyes reassured him.

"I believe you, Priscilla," he said; "I know what your word is. I will go to London and fetch this fellow, and then leave the rest to you."

Mr. Drewry went to London that evening, and for two days Priscilla heard nothing of him. In what misery and anguish the girl spent that time her pale cheeks and heavy eyes alone told.

On the third day, at noon, she received a telegram from her father, bidding her bring the pony and trap to meet the five-o'clock train from London.

"I shall see him again—I shall see him again!" repeated Priscilla to herself, as she drove the shaggy pony along the road across the moor.

"I shall have his clinging arms about me—he will kiss me once again! And, oh, I shall tell him that, if it could be, I would go with him to the end of the earth, or into a poor London lodging, and live in shabbiness and poverty in the city where I was once worshipped and flattered and adored, and think it happiness to do so!"

Her cheeks flushed, her dark eyes brightened at the thought, and hope whispered to her that perhaps even now there might be found some way of escape from the promise which, in the first hour of her anguish, she had been tormented and goaded into giving.

When she reached the little station, she tied her pony to the gate, and began walking briskly up and down the platform.

She watched the train come in. She saw her father get out, glance at her, and turn again to the carriage. She saw her lover—oh, how stern and pale he looked!—step down on the platform, and looking toward her, raise his hat. Then she walked over to him and gave him her hand.

"So you got my telegram?" said Mr. Drewry, as George went round to the pony's head and began to unfasten him. "He is very reasonable—clearly understands that the whole business must drop now—quite content to say good-bye and all that sort of thing, you know."

Priscilla felt her heart grow heavy, and began to wonder how it was that she was so happy a few minutes before; but she turned to her lover and said, steadily enough—

"George, will you walk with me? Papa can take the pony home. We will go by the moor."

So they started off. How often they had walked upon the moor together, talking and planning, looking forward to the time to come, to their marriage, to the long happy life before them, the young man, tall and stalwart, with a gun on his shoulder and a couple of dogs at his heel, the girl clinging to his arm with both hands, her lovely smiling face raised to his, her thick curls playing about her forehead in the keen autumn wind!

And now they walked upon it once more, but with a feeling of bitter disappointment and pain at her heart that he should so quietly have accepted what her father told him, that he should so easily have given up, and George silent, cold, and miserable, almost heart-broken to think that this girl, this pearl among women—the sweetest and fairest and best of her sex—had never loved him at all, but had loved only the wealth that he could give her.

He looked at her once or twice as she walked beside him, her beautiful pale face turned away so that he could see only the oval of her cheek and the thick crisp curls about her ear. She was very pale, as he thought, and thinner than when he saw her last; there was a sharpened look about the chin and jaw, and—yes—leaning forward a little, he found out the secret of the carefully turned-away head—large heavy tears were falling down her face!

"Priscilla," he cried, "you do care for me after all!"

"Care for you, George?" she answered, a sob breaking from her quivering lips. "Care for you?"

"Then, no matter what happens, I am happy!"—and stopping, he clasped her in his arms. "Yes, I am happy, Priscilla," he repeated, releasing her, and walking along at her side. "If you are true I will face anything—anything! Mr. Drewry told me I must give you up—that it was your desire, I suppose—bitterly—that the wish was father to the message."

Priscilla did not say a word; but she felt herself trembling and turning cold from head to foot.

"I was coming to you," he went on, "as soon as ever I could get away; but I have been overwhelmed with business from morning till night and almost from night till morning. Everything is on my shoulders now—and I know so little, my poor father kept me in complete ignorance."

"I suppose nothing can be saved?"

"Nothing. You know my father was about to buy Glatton Hall—his gift to me on our wedding, dear." He stopped, and slipping his arm about her waist, touched her cheek with his lips.

"Yes," replied the girl, in a low voice, "I am listening."

"My father, in going over the books, or in trying to realize some securities, seems to have found something wrong. He was seen to call Mr. Maux, the cashier, hurriedly in his office. That was near closing hour. The clerks went home as usual; but late that night, one of them, passing near the bank, saw Maux issue from the private entrance, carrying a small leather bag. Next morning neither Maux nor my father made their appearance—the strong room was found to be rifled, bonds and securities to the value of two hundred thousand pounds, besides a large sum in gold, were missing, and—"

"But why should Mr. Maux take his own money? Wasn't it his bank?" interrupted Priscilla.

"My darling, hundreds of people had

money in Meath's Bank. He invested it for them, you know, or speculated with it, and paid them interest on it."

"Oh, I see," said the girl.

"And now can you trust me still? Can you cleave to me under this disgrace?"

"It is not that—it is not that!" she answered, sobbing. "If all the world cried shame upon you, I would help you to bear it—willingly—gladly!"

She was trying to tell him—trying hard; but the task was almost beyond her strength.

"You shall not have to bear shame, Priscilla," he declared. "I know—I am convinced that my father is innocent; and, with Heaven's help,"—he stopped and raised his hat—"I shall prove it! But can you wait for me—long years perhaps—until I have removed the slur from my name, until I have worked for and provided a home—humble at best—for you? Can you give up the great world—give up Drewry and all we were going to do for it—give up trying to help your brother and sisters, and wait—five years, say—with the prospect of becoming a poor man's wife? It is a hard thing to ask you, I know; but—Priscilla, what is this I see in your face?"

If she had answered with this one word, "Despair!" she would have answered rightly. For every word he uttered pierced her heart like a knife. His love and unquestioning trust in her were more than she could bear; her head swam and a feeling of deadly sickness overpowered her.

"I am ill," she said faintly—"I am ill!" They had crossed the moor by this time, and reached the wood known as Drewry Chase. The sun had set, and the twilight was dark among the trees. He led her to the trunk of a fallen beech near the path-way, and kneeling beside her, supported her head against his breast. And there, with her face hidden from his eyes, in a few broken words she sobbed out the truth.

She expected that he would fling her away from him in a storm of passionate indignation—that he would leave her with bitter reproaches that would haunt her all her life. But he did nothing of the kind. She felt his broad chest heave, his clasping arms tremble; and, although he loosened one hand from about her, it was only to push back the thick curls of her hair and press his lips to her forehead.

"Don't—don't!" she whispered, trying to release herself. "Oh, if you are kind to me I shall not be able to bear it!"

"My child," he faltered, with inexpressible tenderness—"my poor child!"

"I felt that I must see you once more—I told my father so. But this is good-bye, George—this is good-bye forever!"

"Not forever, Priscilla. I am mine, in spite of your own words—I will never give you up!"

"But you must—you must! Do you not understand? All my life I have had this prospect before me—to marry Lord Carstone and save Drewry. And I kept putting it off year after year. I thought sometimes that he would die! Is not that terrible?"

"And do you think it right to sell yourself for fifty thousand pounds, even though a wedding ring goes with it?" he asked bitterly.

"No; but I must think of my brother, who ought to own Drewry after papa, and of my young sisters, that they may not have to eat the bread of dependence all their lives."

He stood up, walked a little distance away, turned, and came back to her.

"I do not know what to do," he said. "Priscilla, will you wait two years for me?"

"If I wait one year," she returned, passionately, "we shall all be homeless!" She rose as she spoke and stood beside him. "George," she went on steadily, "there is no way out of this; we must part!"

And then, as many another sorely tried and tempted woman has done, she burst into tears and clung to him, sobbing and trembling, entreating him not to be angry with her, to forgive her, and bidding him stay and go in the same breath.

"There, there, Priscilla," he said, drying her eyes—"I know it is not your fault—at least, it was a fault repented of as soon as committed. No, I will not go to Drewry. I shall bid you good-bye here, and turn back. No, child, not good-bye forever, but good-bye for a year, or longer perhaps. My love—my darling—I never shall. Ah, there is the house!"—as the great gloomy mansion, with a few glimmering lights in it, showed through a break in the trees. "Good-bye, Priscilla—my love—my love! Remember you are mine—you belong to me!"

He took her in his arms and kissed her with long clinging kisses; and then, when he had held her so almost a minute, looking upon her upturned tear-wet face, he turned away hastily and disappeared in the wood.

The girl stood where he had left her, trying to realize that this was indeed the last of her love-dream, that for her the sweetness, the beauty, the glamour of youth and love were gone forever. But she could not; in spite of herself, her cheeks flushed and her heart beat fast as the words "You are mine—you belong to me" rang in her ears. And, as she walked towards the house, she could not help telling herself that some way out of the difficulties that beset them would be found.

But, when months passed, and the creditors began to threaten Drewry once more, her courage failed her; and when, one snowy January morning, her father declared that there was no help for it now, Carstone must be written to, she assented, with a feeling of dull despair that was worse than the sharpest pain.

It was a warm May night, and a large company had assembled in Mr. Drewry's pretty little house in Park Lane, to dance, to take part in *tableaux vivants*, and to gossip and flirt.

Eighteen months had passed since Priscilla had parted from her lover in Drewry Chase and already the story of the failure of Meath's Bank was well-nigh forgotten. Forgotten also was the sensation that arose upon the finding of Mr. Meath's body, stabbed in the back, and concealed in one of the bank cellars. A warrant had been issued against the cashier Maux; but he had upon the present eluded pursuit; and George, after that sad vindication of his father's memory, had suddenly disappeared from the world that knew him, and was as

much forgotten—save by one heart—as if he had never existed.

In vain Priscilla waited and longed for some word from him, some tidings of him. In the dead of night she tortured her unhappy heart with questions, and wetted her pillow with tears, while the winter winds moaned about Drewry and the winter rain beat upon the roof that her hand was to secure to her kindred. For the fate that had hung over her so long was closed upon her now, and soon the regret and longing, the passionate tears, would be a gin.

"Give me a long day, papa," she had said, with a quivering smile, when her father returned to Drewry, three months after the breaking of Meath's Bank, accompanied by the delicate little lord who had become possessed of Lady Laura's money; and the words, spoken in jest, were meant very much in earnest.

He had given her a long day. The Drewrys did not spend that spring in London, but went to the Mediterranean in Lord Carstone's three-hundred-ton steam-yacht; and, floating upon those sunlit waters, free from the cares and shifts, the never-ending humiliations and miseries of poverty that beset her at home, seeing also how happy her father and sisters were, Priscilla began to think that she was forgetting—began to look at you—at the bedizened and jeweled coquette that I loved and revered as the truest and best woman in the world. Why, what a fool I was! All the while that I have gathered together with anxious and toil and self-denial would hardly pay you one of the diamonds in your hair!

He raised his head and drew a deep breath. She saw his face—pale as death in the faint moonlight. She saw how an iron will, he restrained his emotions.



Priscilla dear, do you know that Mr. Meath is in England?" "Yes, I have heard so. I-I have not seen him for some time." "The slight hesitation, the look of pain on her pale face, told Laura what she was thinking of."

"It is your money keeps him away from me," Priscilla said softly. "Yes, I suppose so. The trouble at first was my poverty, now it is my wealth; if it were not that, he would be something else."

"Do you speak of him, Laura?" "Because I want to see you happy—as happy as I am with my Henry," replied her earnestly. "Priscilla, dear Priscilla, give me your love to your dear heart."

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bearing the body out at the front door and the laying of it on the ground, with a candle at the head and another at the feet; the laying of the body on the ground was emblematic of the fact that we are all from Mother Earth and to her must return, no matter what difference there was in our position in life, and how death made us all equal. The speaker went on to show that the significance of this was further shown in the laying of the body on the ground without the coverings of wealth, no matter how high the position the Hebrew dead may have held in life. With Mr. Beecher, who was most emphatically a man of the people that the plain and simple service was specially appropriate, and that that reference should be made of him.

#### A Distinguished Victim of the Blue Laws.

Madison Square were a Sunday face, when C. Muttonbush Cadley, Esq., K. C., tottered into his usual corner at Delmonico's. But Mr. Cadley's countenance bore no reflection of the gayety of the day. To tell the truth, Mr. Cadley had been at Cedarhurst the day before, and had sat up all night discussing that turf event with certain choice spirits, substantial and liquid. Consequently, when Mr. Cadley sank into his seat, he emitted a groan, and waved the bill of fare away as a noxious thing.

"Now," he gasped, with a facial contortion that suggested an Atlantic voyage, "cass the thing! Give me a bandy swig!" "Beg pardon, sir," replied the waiter, "but this is Sunday, sir."

"Hay!" ejaculated Mr. Cadley in mild surprise, being, indeed, rather too feeble for any emotion, "do you suppose I don't know what day it is? I didn't ask you to give me the time of day, man, but to fetch me some bandy!"

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter, as before, and still shoving the menu under Mr. Cadley's nose, "but what will you eat, sir?" "Mr. Cadley stared at him and gasped for breath. His indignation was too great for words, nor was his strength commensurate with the demand upon it. He rose, walked to another table, sat down and repeated his order to the waiter there.

"Very well, sir," replied the attendant, just as the other said, "vat will you eat, sare?" "Why, cuss the fellow!" cried Mr. Cadley, made energetic by despair, "he's maw of a baw than the othaw. Damme! I don't want breakfast, I want bandy!"

"Yes, sare," answered the waiter, without moving a muscle, "but you know it ees Sunday, sare." "Begad!" cried Mr. Cadley, "I know theah aw two blawsted Sunday idiots heah, at any wate. Aw you going to fetch me that bandy?"

"Yes, sare," said the waiter, gently insinuating the bill of fare under Mr. Cadley's eye, "of course, sare. But vill you not like to try un of ze cotelette a la—"

If a glance could annihilate, there would have been one waiter less at Delmonico's last Sunday morning. As it was, that polite mental pause in his interrogatory, while Mr. Cadley deliberately rose, put on his hat, and walked over to the Brunswick. A brisk young servant took from him the order that he had twice given so ineffectually at Delmonico's and then responded—

"What are you going to eat with it, sir?" "Eat with what?" demanded Mr. Cadley. "With the brandy, sir."

"Cuss it! I didn't ask faw a free lunch, fellow," said Mr. Cadley. "Beg pardon, sir, but you must eat something with brandy, you know," replied the waiter insinuatingly.

"Haw," gurgled Mr. Cadley, "and suppose a fellow don't want to eat, hay?" "He must eat all the same, sir," said the waiter.

Mr. Cadley rubbed his eyes and stared at the man to see if he was quizzing him. The symptoms were innocent, and Mr. Cadley rubbed his eyes again.

"Gawd bless me!" he said. "What the devil ails all these beggaws this mawnin'?" "It's Sunday, sir," said the waiter.

"Gawd!" gasped Mr. Cadley, "he's got 'em too. Cuss me if they aw not crazy. Gawd! They'll poison a fellow next, and cawve him instead of the meat, begad!"

And snatching his hat he fled to the club, where by three o'clock he had about his usual breakfast appetite. He swears he will not go into Delmonico's or the Brunswick again till they get a set of waiters that know how to be civil, and has not yet found out that the Sunday law had anything to do with his difficulty. —Town Topics.

All around the sides of the ellipse, and in the basement, too, were double rows of neat little wooden stalls, and in each one of them a vision of beauty and a joy for several years at least to a dairyman's heart. Under foot was a thick carpet of fresh, yellow straw.

Every cow had her tail fluffed out with a comb and her bangs trimmed. They looked a calm and self possessed welcome with their big eyes at the visitors or else serenely lounged on the straw and wiped the perspiration off their noses. They would have done themselves proud in a drawing room.

The attendants were the most obsequious of lackeys. They wore white canvas helmets, white jackets, light blue shirts and black trousers. When they whisked a fly off a cow's back they did it with a white gloved hand.

The cattle had probably been bathed in Florida water and rubbed down with Turkish towels.

Had the "swell" not left so early in the day he would not have left until very late, for he missed the most charming sight in the whole show.

He did not see the mascot. If he had he would have said there was something there besides cows.

Yes, there is a Bettina in the dairy. And such a milkmaid! She came tripping out with her brown hair floating down from under a broad brimmed sun hat that was coquettishly trimmed and cocked up. Her hair fell over bare shoulders and arms that were plump. The little that there was of her waist and her short skirt was of the style of gay costume that pretty dairymaids wear on the stage. There was a flash of red stockings as she went along swinging her milking stool.

The crowd followed. She patted the cattle and wiped their faces with a silk handkerchief. Right below her neck a pretty big triangular piece had been cut out of her bodice. At the lower point nestled a bunch of daisies. Nature had been kind to her.

As she leaned over, wrapped her bare arms around the cow's neck, all the while keeping her eyes demurely lowered, the crowd that was ten deep all around just craned their necks forward and looked.

It's nice to be a cow sometimes. But Bettina, or Patience, or whatever she might be, was, of course, utterly oblivious to it all.

Not one of those dudes got a smile from her pretty lips. In the centre of the garden is a raised off exhibition place where the cattle were drawn up in line like so many soldiers, while a brass band played agricultural airs.

The rest of the centre space is devoted to picturesque little booths where dairy products are sold and exhibited by quite as picturesque dairymaids and fat-faced dairy-men.

One of the rarest public documents is the "Roll of Honor," an official compilation made soon after Appomattox, at the War Department, and published at the Government Printing Office. It was intended to give the name of every soldier who died in the defence of the Union, so far as it was possible to get them. It gives the name, rank, regiment, company, date of death and place of burial. The roll is complete in thirty-one volumes. The printing has been well done on good paper, but it is a matter for serious regret that the volumes are not bound in a more durable style.

No one can look through the pages upon pages and volume after volume of the names of the dead without being appalled at the magnitude of the struggle that cost them their lives. The classification of the work is first according to cemeteries, and then the names are arranged in alphabetical order. The cemeteries in which the dead lie, and which are designated as national cemeteries, are scattered throughout the Union. The volumes bear nothing except the names, and nothing in the way of comment, except on each title page there is a choice poetical extract. In many places the number of the grave is simply given with that unutterably sad word "Unknown."

The volume which bears the number of the thousands upon thousands who rest at beautiful Arlington bears upon its title-page this verse:

On Fame's eternal camping-ground Their silent tents are spread, And Glory guards with solemn sound The bivouac of the Dead.

Another which has the names of those at Memphis and Chattanooga has the following:

Oh, never shall the land forget The man who fell in battle's fray, Gushed warm with hope and courage yet, Upon the soil they fought to save.

It is in contradistinction to the New York game of the period, the former being played with a small, light ball which was thrown overhand to the bat, while in the latter a large elastic ball was used with long, heavy bats, the ball being pitched to the bat. Base ball, as now played, however, can only date its rise from the establishment of the National Association of Base Ball Players, organized in 1857, from which time only it has been played under a specially organized code of rules. Before the organization of the Knickerbocker Club, the rule of play was to throw the ball at a player in putting him out; but this led to several serious injuries, and at the first convention of delegates from the existing ball clubs the rule was changed to its present wording, which requires the ball to be held on the base, or the player to be touched by the baseman while he holds the ball, before he can be put out while running bases. This was the first innovation on the primitive rule of play familiar to the school-boys of thirty years ago. At that time, too, the game was won by the club making a certain number of "aces" before the opposing club could. Afterwards the rule was changed so as to give the victory to the club making the most runs in the nine innings play on each side. The first printed code of rules contained but fourteen sections, and under it the pitcher could deliver the ball as wildly as he chose, and the batsman could strike it at his option, thus making the game tediously dull and uninteresting when the contesting nines were rivals or pretty evenly matched. The changes in the rules introduced even at the first convention of the fraternity in 1857 were such as to materially improve the game; but the revised rules were nothing in comparison with the complete code of laws by which base ball is now governed, and which have brought the game up to the point of excellence which now characterizes it. Up to the year 1860 base ball, as played under the National Association rules, was confined to New York and its vicinity, though a few clubs existed in other States. But in 1860 the then brilliant career of the Excelsior Club of Brooklyn created quite a furore, and the tour of this club throughout New York State, and afterwards to Philadelphia and Baltimore, led to a wide extension of the popularity of base ball, and a year or two later the same club established the "New York Game," as it was then called, in Boston, and it gradually superseded the "New England Game," which is now almost unknown.

MR. MALAPROP.—Mr. M., the New Orleans banker, is now almost as much in New York as in his tropical home. He is a fluent conversationalist and is fond of Latin. One evening at the Hoffman House he was missed from the parlor where a gay party of Southerners were making merry. "Where have you been, Mr. M.?" asked a young lady when he returned. "O, just outside in the cupboard, walking pro and con," he replied. He was once deeply offended with a covert snort in a Washington paper. "Why," said he, "that is tantamount to calling me a fool." —Argonaut.

Chaff. "Is there any danger in empty houses?" asks a correspondent. There is—danger to the hotel where the company stops.

"What is syntax?" asked a school teacher of a young Macon (Ga.) boy. "Syntax," was the reply, "is the internal revenue."

The day when the office had to put a stock-ade on the horse and go whooping and racing around the streets trying to lariat the man are over. No more does the office have to stand up in the stirrups and howl for the man to hold on, and over bystanders a reward to stop him, and try to ride up around the other way and take him when he isn't looking, and then, after all, have him disappear around the corner and never see him again. The sight, once so common, of the office going around wearing a three-cornered hat and powdered wig and carrying an old flint-lock musket, asking people if they have seen anything of the man, will never be witnessed again. Never again will the office chase the man around Valley Forge and up and down Bunker Hill and wade across the Delaware after him.

The matter is somewhat changed now, and the poor office may crawl away under the barn if it wants to, but the man—several of him—will be there and pull him out by the legs and take possession. —Dakota Bell.

A WIFE'S RETORT.—Old Joe was a quiet old man, but somewhat too fond of the bottle. When in his cups his ideas tended toward theological matters, which he always related in his sober moments. It was Saturday afternoon and his good wife wanted some wood for the oven, as she had read to bake.

"Joe, I wish you would go and split some wood; here it is nearly two o'clock, and the fire isn't made."

Joe went out to execute his commission, and finding his physical condition was weak, marched to the neighboring tavern to fortify himself therein. He returned home utterly oblivious to all things save his pet theories. Seating himself on the chair he said:

"I say (hic), Jane, do you (hic) think (hic) the Lord (hic) means to burn us 'up in fire'?" His venerable spouse, being exceedingly irate, did not answer. Again he repeated the question. Still an ominous silence.

"Well, do you think the Lord means to burn us 'up in fire'?" "No!" said the now thoroughly aroused housewife; "no, you fool, not if he waits for you to split the wood!"

NO SAMPLES OF FLYERS.—Is this where they sell stocks? she asked, stepping up to the counter with engaging trepidation. "Yes'm. Did you buy to invest?" "Well, yes—no; the fact is, I don't know exactly. My Cousin Charley does nothing but buy stocks, and they say he makes lots of money. Now I thought I'll—"

"Ah, yes, I understand. You thought you'd take a flyer."

"Yes, I guess that's what I wanted. What funny names you brokers have."

"And what stock do you desire?" "O, I want one of those that you buy for \$10 and sell tomorrow for \$15."

"Just so. Keeley Motor is what you want?" "Is it? Well, of course you know. You couldn't out of a few samples, I suppose? I don't know, you know, whether they are wanted by the lady who asked me to inquire, you know."

"Very sorry, madam; but we never give patterns."

The lady looked straight into his face, tossed up her chin, and flounced out with the remark: "Well, I never!" —Boston Transcript.

I hope nothing will disturb them, but that you will always live happily and in unity." "Well, I do know about that, parson," oh, he felt the young man doubtfully. "We are married, as you say, and I hope we'll get along all right; but as for living in unity, I never will, for it's the roughest place I ever see in all my born days."

RED TAPE.—The absurdity of official routine when it has crystallized into forms so delicate that they cannot be bent without being shattered appears in this extract, which we make from a foreign newspaper. The Empress of Austria has a farm near Schonbrunn, and is very proud of the produce raised on it.

She recently sent a fine ham, weighing 22 pounds, to her sister, addressed, "To the Countess de Tatten, at Baden, from her sister, the Empress of Austria," but the certificate of origin which should have accompanied it was forgotten, and the customs at Limbach detained the parcel and sent to the inspector of markets at Vienna a printed form, which, filled up, read as follows:

"A parcel is lying at the customs addressed to the Countess de Tatten. Please inform us if the sender, the Empress of Austria, resides at Vienna, and is a pork butcher by trade." The information was returned, but the inquiry caused no little laughter at the palace.

A CUTS BOSTONIAN.—A wealthy Boston gentleman had moved out of town and located in a little village community where the ways of life had always been rather primitive and the expenditure small. One day the assessors of the town came to him, rather fearfully. They didn't want to tax him out of the town, and yet they proposed to have him bear his share of the taxation. "Ah, gentlemen," said he, after they had timidly pumped him a little as to the amount of his property, "what is the amount of money you have to raise here by taxation?"

"Twelve thousand dollars this year, sir." "Twelve thousand dollars, oh! Well, send the bill to me and I'll pay the whole of it." Not a single rustic in the place paid any taxes that year, and the Boston man got of a good deal cheaper than he had for some years. —Boston Transcript.

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(Continued from First Page.)

feet long, 10 feet wide, 4 1/2 feet high on the side farthest from the machine and one foot high next to the spout. They are drawn by four horses driven by one man, while another loads the grain as it falls from the spout. Two of these wagons follow each machine, so that when one is filled it is driven from under the spout and unloaded at the stack, while the second wagon takes its place to be filled. A complete outfit for one of these machines consists of two wagons, 16 horses and six men. The header runner gets \$3 per day, the others \$2. Each hired horse costs 50 cents per day. The average cutting of these machines, if well run, is 25 and 35 acres each day. Average price received this year for cutting was \$1.25 per acre, the cutter to furnish everything but feed for the horses. Some gangs run a covered wagon called a "cook house," in which usually a Chinaman cooks, and all meals are served in the wagon.

The stacks are built in sections, or "benches," the first about 12 feet wide, 10 feet high and 50 feet long, then benches are continually added of about the same width, until 40 acres or more are cut, thus leaving the stack perfectly flat, but safe, where it does not rain. In this way one man can do the stacking. For unloading wagons, some use nets made of small cords, and so arranged in the header beds, that by hitching a span of horses to them, the whole load can be rolled at once onto the stack, thus saving much labor to the stackers. Combined machines also are used, generally cutting 16 feet wide, and at the same time throwing the grain and putting it into sacks. The sack sewer rides on the machine, and as fast as he sees the sacks placed them on a trip platform over the side of the machine, when he springs the latch and they drop on the ground, then are drawn to some convenient spot and piled in the open air. Thousands and thousands of bushels of grain may now be seen in the valley thus piled, with nothing but sky over them and ground under them. How would they pray for rain in such a place?

These machines require from 25 to 40 horses to draw them, according to quality of horses. The driver sits on an inclined ladder, or derrick, about 10 feet above the horse, and has a box of clods handy to throw at those beyond reach of the whip. He sometimes has a man on horseback called a herder, to help keep the band in proper place, yet they occasionally run away, kill the driver and smash the machine. Improved machines have a small engine on them to run the thrasher, thus requiring fewer horses to run the machine. The greatest objection to these machines is, that they scatter all the feed seeds over the ground, which soon become very troublesome. Parties running these machines this summer, put the grain into sacks, and drew them into piles for \$2 per acre. Soon after grain cutting begins threshing crews appear. They usually consist of 20 men and about as many horses. A cook house on wheels accompanies them, so that the ranchman has nothing to do with boarding or lodging the men, only to furnish feed for the horses. In fact, every man in both header and threshing crew, carries his blankets to sleep out of doors. The machines are larger than those where the grain is bound into sheaves, and the cylinders about 40 inches across. In commencing a job the horse containing derrick, with ropes, pulleys and two large wheels, is drawn to the side of the stack. A draper and carrier is run from the derrick to the cylinder of the machine, two men called "forkers" place the forks into the stack. A span of horses is hitched to each of two ropes running over pulleys in top of derrick for the forks. Each forker has his driver, and when all is ready the first forker signals his driver, who starts his team and deposits the first forkful at the end of the draper. The next forker repeats the operation and thus they work alternately. Two men called "hoodwings" attack this pile with forks and hooks, placing the straw and grain on the draper running to the cylinder. The hoodwings work with all their might until a certain number of sacks is filled, then are relieved by two others who do the same, and so they keep changing. No one stands before the cylinder, the machine being self-feeding. The man who takes the straw from the tail end of the machine is called the straw-bucker, and draws the first load to the engine, as no wood is used by the freeman, he simply pushes the straw with a small three-tined fork, through a narrow oval opening into the firebox, which has a tray in front filled with water. The straw-bucker removes the straw with a 2x6 inch scantling, 16 feet long, having a horse at each end. Their heads are usually covered with sackings to protect them from chaff and dust while they are driven under the spout. When the right quantity of straw has accumulated, the horses are driven, one each side of the pile, so that when the scantling presses against the bottom, the pile is shoved away. Thus the straw is kept from the machine, without stacking. One man attends to filling sacks and placing them before two other men, who sew them and put them in piles. The sack sewers need to be expert, especially when barley is being threshed, for then they sometimes run out six sacks a minute.

The "roustabout" waits on the cook, bringing wood, water, etc., and is supposed to make himself generally useful. Some machines have "spools" to take the place of the horses that draw up the sacks. These are run by the engine and controlled by levers handled by a man on an elevated seat, commanding a good view of the forkers.

Threshers work from daylight till dark, sometimes threshing 3,000 bushels of grain in a day. The price this year was ten cents per 100 lbs. Each ranchman furnishes his own sacks, which are always sold with the grain. Considerable gambling is said to be done by dealers in grain sacks, sometimes to the detriment of ranchmen. This season the price varied from 7 1/2 cents to 15 cents apiece.

After threshing comes road work, preparatory to hauling grain. Most of the roads being sandy, the usual method of repairing is by putting straw on them, which answers a double purpose, improves the road and uses up the straw, the latter seeming to please the ranchmen better, as no thought is taken of keeping up the fertility

of the soil. Wheat is sown on the same ground year after year, and nothing returned to the soil, consequently many crops hardly pay for cutting, even with the most approved facilities. All farm products are sold here by the pound, including eggs.

In this dry climate, every miller dampens wheat before grinding. Four and six horses as one team are used in drawing grain to market. Each sack holds about 2 1/2 bushels of wheat, and a four horse team will draw 40 to 50 sacks at a load; a six horse team 60 to 80 sacks, using two wagons, one being fastened behind the other, and called a "trail." This is often done to economize help, requiring only one driver.

Great efforts are being made to induce eastern people to come to California, and many who come are sadly disappointed with their venture. While there are many very productive spots, they seem to be an exception and not the rule. One man may have a splendid farm, while his neighbor's, adjoining, is sterile sand, from which he can scarcely eke out a poor living. Strangers need to go slow and examine carefully before purchasing, otherwise they may locate in miasma, or on a sterile desert.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. KIM.

## Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, Veterinary Surgeon. Professional advice through the columns of the Michigan Farmer to all regular subscribers. The full name and address will be necessary that we may identify them as subscribers. The symptoms should be accurately described to secure correct treatment. No questions answered professionally by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. Private address, No. 201 First St., Detroit, Mich.

## Abnormal Changes in the Milk of the Cow.

INFLUENCE OF FOOD ON MILK. (Continued.)

However long you may keep milk at rest, it is impossible to separate the cream completely, but the greater portion separates in 24 hours, and if the process be conducted at a temperature of about 50 degrees, a longer time than 24 hours will not separate an appreciably larger quantity of butter. I have kept milk in this instrument for 36 hours without getting a larger quantity of cream. This, however, is not quite conclusive, for the cream may get denser the longer it stands. It becomes denser when the temperature is increased; it diminishes slightly in quantity when the temperature is increased to 70 degrees. It is also desirable to shut out the influence of the air. This may be done very well by means of a tin can in which three or more lactometers may be placed. The milk may be kept cool by cold water, and a thermometer inserted in the tin can to indicate the temperature. In comparing these two methods with each other—the one which collects the amount of cream, and the one which gives the gravity of milk—it has struck me that a more correct result might be obtained if two instruments were used together—one to measure the amount of cream, and the other to take the density of the skimmed milk. Milk skimmed and watered will give at once little cream, and show a low specific gravity; whereas milk which was merely skimmed and not otherwise watered will give a higher specific gravity than milk in its natural condition, but would give little cream. People using both instruments would be in a position to say at once, "This milk is watered," or, "It is otherwise good milk, but the cream has been removed." When large quantities of milk have to be shipped to work-houses or public institutions, it is very desirable to have a ready mode of testing its quality. It might be arranged that when the milk comes in, some of it should be placed in graduated tubes, and at the end of twenty-four hours the skimmed milk could be drawn off, and a float put into it. This float might be so constructed as to give the proportion of water in the milk from ten to twelve per cent. I propose to make a number of analyses of milk purposely mixed with water, and to construct a set of two instruments with the view of assisting in the solution of this practical question, and testing in a ready way the quality of milk. I believe the thing can be done with some care and trouble. When the ordinary lactometer, which measures the amount of cream in the milk, is used, practical difficulty is experienced in removing the cream. You might do it with a pipette; but unless you have a very steady hand indeed, you cannot get all the cream off; at any rate, the servants in a large establishment could not be expected to do it. I have, therefore, thought of using an instrument similar to the lactometer of Dr. Moore, analytical chemist, of Coblenz. It is a very handy instrument, which is frequently used for many purposes in chemical laboratories. It consists of a graduated tube divided into one hundred parts, each of seven grains, the whole being the hundredth part of a gallon. You will, by this means, get a proportionate part of a gallon. The milk is filled in, and then left for four-and-twenty hours. The cream rises and can be readily let off. The whole operation is very simple. The specimen which I have here seems to be an exceedingly good milk; it contains no less than fifteen measures of cream. I put the sample here that I might be able clearly to exhibit the process. It is rarely that you get such a large amount of cream. If, in London milk you get eight or nine measures of cream, you must be satisfied; very frequently you will get only seven, and even six measures. You can see distinctly (referring to the graduated tube) the line which separates the cream from the skimmed milk. The milk is prevented from flowing out by a list of India-rubber tubing, which is pressed together by a kind of clasp, which opens the tube by applying pressure to it. By this means the skimmed milk may be drawn off with the greatest ease. After that a float is used to ascertain the specific gravity. The instrument which gives the specific gravity might be so constructed as at once to indicate ten, twenty, forty or fifty per cent of water in the milk. By means of this arrangement you get an idea of the quality of the skimmed milk, and are able to ascertain whether or not it is poor and thin; and you also measure off the quantity of cream. I am at present endeavoring to ascertain whether the cream is of anything like uniform composition when gathered in this way. If it be so, we might thus form an idea of the amount of butter

which can be produced by a given quantity of milk; and, in large dairy establishments, which cannot be superintended by the owner, very great service might, I think, be rendered, by enabling him to ascertain at once what amount of butter he might fairly expect from his dairy-woman. There is another description of lactometer, or milk-tester, as it is called, which is simply a graduated cylinder, by which the milk is kept from the influence of the atmosphere, and which, in other respects, resembles these graduated tubes. In all ordinary tubes in which the graduation begins at the top, there is practical inconvenience, that the skimmed milk cannot be removed by such a simple arrangement as that which I have described. I have lately directed my attention to the construction of a good milk-tester. There are various things to be taken into account, which I am engaged in investigating. For instance, I am endeavoring to ascertain whether the quantity of cream which is thrown off in a small bottle is larger or smaller than that thrown off in a large bottle; whether, in fact, size makes any appreciable difference in the volume. So far as I have gone, I have not found any great difference in the volume of cream which is thrown up in graduated tubes of different diameter. Thus far the indications are favorable, and I hope, at no very remote period, with the assistance of Mr. Griffin, the manufacturer of chemical apparatus, to produce a practically useful set of lactometers. With these remarks on milk-testing I will conclude this lecture, and thank you for your kind attention.

Ringbone in a Mare.

BRECKENRIDGE, MICH., May 14, 1887.

Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer, I have a valuable seven-year-old mare that has a ringbone on her right hind leg. I first noticed it when she was four years old. I used a bottle of "Kendall's Spavin Cure," which removed the lameness and I thought cured it. Last summer she got lame again; used two bottles more of the spavin cure but they did no good. I am now using the following: One-half ounce corrosive sublimate, one spoonful lard, two teaspoonfuls quicksilver with enough iodine to cut the globules. Is this as good as can be used, or would you recommend other treatment? Also, is it necessary that she should have absolute rest? I have worked her all the spring. Please reply through the MICHIGAN FARMER and oblige.

ANSWER.—Ringbone is the result of injury to the pastern joint. When not severe, the early symptoms are obscure, and difficult to locate in the absence of enlargement around the pastern joint; such cases are often mistaken for navicular joint lameness. Where the injury is severe, bony deposits are thrown out and soon expose the seat of the disease. Our object in treating such cases is not in the hope of cure, as that is out of the question, but to assist nature in the more rapid deposit of ossified deposits in order to unite the two diseased bones firmly together, terminating in what is known as ankylosis, or stiff joint. When the union of the two bones is complete, all mobility between the bones of the joint is destroyed, the lameness disappears, and the animal travels sound. The value, but not the usefulness, of the animal is lessened according to the extent of the deformity. The treatment consists in counter-irritation. Apply the following: Bin-lodide mercury, one part; to eight parts of vaseline, well mixed together and applied to the part with friction. When the blister has acted well, turn the animal out, if the weather is favorable. In three or four weeks repeat the application. In obstinate cases several applications are necessary. Some veterinary surgeons even resort to firing, or burning with red hot irons. Kendall's Spavin Cure we have never used; neither have we used the last named remedy.

Ringbone in a Colt.

GAYNES, MICH., May 15, 1887.

Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer, I would like advice about a two-year-old, dark gray colt. He has what is called ringbone on his right hind foot. The enlargement is about two inches above the hoof, extends around the front and outside; has been there about a year; has been slightly lame nearly all the time. Have used various liniments prescribed by the local "horse doctor," (there is no reliable veterinary near here), which seem to do no good. What can be done? Please advise and oblige.

ANSWER.—The same treatment as recommended for the mare as above, is indicated for your colt. The disease in this case is probably of hereditary origin.

Honors to Michigan Men in France.

On Tuesday, May 17th, one hundred breeders of La Perche horses gave a grand banquet at Nogent le Rotrou to William Dunham, of Illinois, Senator Palmer, of Michigan, Ezra Rust, and Col. Thompson, representing American importers of Percherons. At the banquet Mr. Dunham pointed out that unless more care was taken that a sufficient number of stallions of the finest pedigree be reserved for the increasing demands of man-owners of La Perche the latter would be forced to use those of inferior quality, to the great detriment of themselves and the country. The American delegates returned to Paris on Wednesday, and the following day went to Fontainebleau to pay their respects to Rosa Bonheur, the artist.

THE Young Marys are wonderfully popular among Short-horn breeders, their great records at the fair, the block and in the ring making them a safe cattle to buy.—National Stockman.

The above item should carry an explanation of it. Does the writer of it know of one of the family bred, entirely from animals of the family on both sides, which was a noted animal? Was it not after the breeders of Kentucky began topping them with high bred Bays butts that their reputation and value were increased? The finest specimens of the family to-day have from four to six crosses of Bays butts on top, sufficient to give them a great preponderance of Bays blood. It is, therefore, nonsense to refer to their individual merits as coming from the blood they inherit from the originator of the family. And this leads us to remark that nearly all other families of Short-horns are in the same position as the Young Marys, all containing more or less of Bays blood.

## Commercial.

### DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, May 23, 1887.

**FLOUR.**—The advance in wheat has caused an appreciation of values in flour, and the market rules firm. Quotations are as follows: Michigan roller process.....\$3.75 @ 4.00  
Michigan patents.....4.75 @ 5.00  
Minnesota, patents.....5.00 @ 5.25  
Minnesota, patents.....5.00 @ 5.25  
Erie, Western.....3.25 @ 3.50  
Low grades.....2.75 @ 3.25

**WHEAT.**—This week has been a quiet one in this market but values have ruled firm with an upward tendency. Both spot and futures are higher than a week ago, with spot very firm owing to light receipts and reduced stocks. The export demand has been active, and nearly 3,000,000 bu. have been taken from the visible supply since a week ago. Latest quotations were as follows: Spot—No. 1 white, 90c; No. 2 red, 89c; No. 3 red, 88c. Futures—No. 2 red, June, 89c; August, 88c; No. 1 white, May, 89c.

**CORN.**—Steady but dull. No. 2 is quoted at 42c, No. 3 spot quoted at 43c, and No. 2 yellow at 42c.

**OATS.**—The market is steady but lower. No. 2 white quoted at 32c, No. 2 mixed at 30c, and light mixed at 32c.

**BARLEY.**—The market is dull. No. 2 State is quoted at \$1.15 @ 1.22 per cental. No. 2 western at \$1.31 @ 1.35.

**RYE.**—Quoted at 60c @ 62c per bu., with a quiet market.

**FEED.**—Barley quoted at \$14.00 @ 15.00 per ton, and middlings at \$14.00 @ 15.00. Receipts light and prices firm.

**BUTTER.**—We have to note a further decline in this product. Receipts are large of the medium grades, and they have dropped to 14c @ 15c, while fancy selections of dairy are in good demand at 16c. Off grades and mixed lots are dull at 10c @ 12c. Creamery quiet and unchanged at 19c @ 20c. Receipts are ample.

**CHEESE.**—New makes of full cream are easy at 10c @ 12c, according to quality. Old is entirely nominal.

**EGGS.**—Fresh common 11 @ 11 1/2c per doz. Receipts are fair, and demand improving.

**APPLES.**—Market firm at 40c @ 50c per bu., for fair to choice fruit. Few offerings.

**FOREIGN FRUITS.**—Lemons, Messina, \$3.00 @ 3.50; oranges, Valencia, \$3.00 @ 3.50; \$3.00 @ 3.50; Messina, \$3.00 @ 3.50; coconuts, \$1.00 @ 1.50; bananas, \$1.00 @ 1.50; \$3.00 @ 3.50; Malaga grapes, \$1.50 @ 2.00; figs, 1 @ 1.50 for layers, 12 @ 1.50 for fancy.

**BREXWAX.**—Steady at 25c @ 30c per lb., as to quality.

**HONEY.**—Quoted at 30c @ 35c per lb. for comb, and 25c @ 30c for extracted. Market very dull.

**BEANS.**—Market firm with light offerings. City picked quoted at \$1.75 @ 1.80, and unpeeled at 90c @ 95c per 100 lbs. for evaporated.

**DRYED APPLES.**—Market quiet at 25c @ 30c per 100 lbs. for common, and 13c @ 15c for evaporated. Latter scarce.

**MAPLE SYRUP.**—Per gallon can, 90c @ \$1.00. Market quiet.

**MAPLE SUGAR.**—Quoted at 9c per lb. The demand fair.

**BALD HAY.**—Market dull at \$6.00 @ 7.00 per ton for clover, \$11.00 @ 12.00 for No. 1 timothy, and \$9.00 @ 10.00 for No. 2. These prices are for our lots.

**SALT.**—Car lots, Michigan, 66c per bu. in car lots; eastern, 65c; dairy, 70c @ 10c per bu. Ashton quarter sacks, 75c.

**POTATOES.**—Old are scarce and high. Quoted from store at 85c @ 90c per bu., and car-lots at 75c @ 80c. New Southern quoted at \$5.00 @ 5.50 per bu.

**ONIONS.**—Bermudas offered at \$1.00 @ 1.50 per bu. crate. New Southern quoted at \$3.00 @ 3.50 per bu.

**POULTRY.**—Trade very light. Quoted as follows: Live, 10c @ 12c; ducks, 8c @ 10c; turkeys, 10c @ 12c; geese, 8c @ 10c; spring chickens, 40c @ 50c; pigeons, 25c @ 30c.

**HIDES.**—Green-dyed, 60c @ 70c, country, 65c @ 75c; cured, 75c @ 85c; green calf, 80c @ 90c; sheep-skin, 50c @ 60c; bulls, stag and grubs, 10c @ 15c.

**STRAWBERRIES.**—Prices are firm at \$5.00 @ 5.50 per 24 qt case for good to best shipping stock. Trade brisk.

**VEGETABLES.**—Quotations from dealers: Per bu., lettuce 70c @ 75c; per dozen bunches, Canadian radishes, 17c @ 20c; onions, 20c @ 25c; plant, 10c @ 15c; oyster plant, 45c @ 50c; cucumbers, 85c @ 90c. Per bu., spinach, 25c @ 30c. Per 3 peck package, green peas 25c @ 30c; string beans, 10c @ 15c. Per dozen bunches, parsley, 30c @ 35c; asparagus, 35c @ 40c. Per 3 bu. crate, cabbage, 45c @ 50c. Per peck box, Bermuda tomatoes, 75c @ 80c. Per 3 bu. crate, summer squash, 50c @ 55c.

**PROVISIONS.**—New mess pork lower, other grades unchanged; smoked meats steady and unchanged; mess beef lower; other articles at the same range as a week ago. Quotations here are as follows:

New mess.....\$15.75 @ 16.00  
Old mess.....15.75 @ 16.00  
New clear.....17.00 @ 17.25  
Lard in tierces.....11.00 @ 11.25  
Lard in kegs.....10.00 @ 10.25  
Hams.....11.00 @ 11.25  
Shoulders.....10.00 @ 10.25  
Choice bacon.....9.00 @ 9.25  
Extra mess beef, per bu.....8.00 @ 8.25

**HAY.**—The following is a record of the sales at the Michigan Avenue scales for the past week, with prices per ton:

Monday—13 loads: Four at \$11; three at \$13; two at \$16 and \$14; one at \$14.50 and \$11.25.  
Tuesday—11 loads: Four at \$14; two at \$14.50 and \$13; one at \$16, \$15, \$12.50 and \$11.  
Wednesday—19 loads: Eight at \$14; four at \$16; one at \$18, \$12, \$12.50 and \$11.  
Thursday—15 loads: Four at \$13; three at \$16; one at \$15.50; \$15, \$12.50, \$12 and \$11.  
Friday—12 loads: \$12; three at \$15, \$14.50 and \$10.  
Saturday—6 loads: Three at \$15; two at \$15; one at \$12.

## LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

At the Michigan Central Yards.

Saturday, May 21, 1887.

**CATTLE.**—The offerings of cattle these yards numbered 675 head, against 281 last week. The first consignment of western cattle of the season was received from St. Louis this week, but there was not enough of them to affect the market for butchering cattle, the supply of this class being hardly enough to meet the wants of the local trade. For this grade the market ruled strong at last week's prices, but heavy shipping cattle at 14c and 15c lower. Nice handy 900 to 1,000 lbs steers are worth as much here as those of 1,300 to 1,800 lbs, the latter being too heavy for our retailers. The market is in much the same shape in Buffalo. The following were the closing

quotations: Extra graded steers, weighing 1,300 to 1,800 lbs.....\$4.00 @ 4.75  
Choice steers, 1,100 to 1,300 lbs.....4.00 @ 4.25  
Good mixed butchers' stock—Fair.....3.00 @ 3.25  
Good mixed butchers' stock—Light.....3.00 @ 3.25  
Coarse mixed butchers' stock—Light.....3.00 @ 3.25  
Cows, heifers, stags and bulls.....3.00 @ 3.25  
C. Roe sold Sullivan & F 8 good shipping steers at 1.15 @ 1.20 lbs at \$4.40, and 2 fair butchers' steers at 1.00 @ 1.10 lbs at \$4.

Gleason sold Sullivan & F 6 good butchers' steers at 98c @ 1.00 lbs at \$4.40, and 6 good shipping steers at 1.10 @ 1.20 lbs at \$4.40. Hauser sold Sullivan & F a mixed lot of 7 head of good butchers' stock at 98c @ 1.00 lbs at \$4.

C. Roe sold Sullivan & F 35 good butchers' steers at 1.08 @ 1.10 lbs at \$4.40. Conley sold Hart Spencer 23 good butchers' steers at 1.07 @ 1.10 lbs at \$4.25, and 2 fair cows at 1.15 @ 1.20 lbs at \$3.25.

Capwell sold Sullivan & F 19 good shipping steers at 1.23 @ 1.30 lbs at \$4.40 and 20 at 1.12 @ 1.15 lbs at \$4.25.

Watson sold Phillips & Wreford a mixed lot of 5 head of good butchers' stock at 84c @ 85c @ 86c @ 87c @ 88c @ 89c @ 90c @ 91c @ 92c @ 93c @ 94c @ 95c @ 96c @ 97c @ 98c @ 99c @ 1.00 @ 1.10 @ 1.20 @ 1.30 @ 1.40 @ 1.50 @ 1.60 @ 1.70 @ 1.80 @ 1.90 @ 2.00 @ 2.10 @ 2.20 @ 2.30 @ 2.40 @ 2.50 @ 2.60 @ 2.70 @ 2.80 @ 2.90 @ 3.00 @ 3.10 @ 3.20 @ 3.30 @ 3.40 @ 3.50 @ 3.60 @ 3.70 @ 3.80 @ 3.90 @ 4.00 @ 4.10 @ 4.20 @ 4.30 @ 4.40 @ 4.50 @ 4.60 @ 4.70 @ 4.80 @ 4.90 @ 5.00 @ 5.10 @ 5.20 @ 5.30 @ 5.40 @ 5.50 @ 5.60 @ 5.70 @ 5.80 @ 5.90 @ 6.00 @ 6.10 @ 6.20 @ 6.30 @ 6.40 @ 6.50 @ 6.60 @ 6.70 @ 6.80 @ 6.90 @ 7.00 @ 7.10 @ 7.20 @ 7.30 @ 7.40 @ 7.50 @ 7.60 @ 7.70 @ 7.80 @ 7.90 @ 8.00 @ 8.10 @ 8.20 @ 8.30 @ 8.40 @ 8.50 @ 8.60 @ 8.70 @ 8.80 @ 8.90 @ 9.00 @ 9.10 @ 9.20 @ 9.30 @ 9.40 @ 9.50 @ 9.60 @ 9.70 @ 9.80 @ 9.90 @ 10.00 @ 10.10 @ 10.20 @ 10.30 @ 10.40 @ 10.50 @ 10.60 @ 10.70 @ 10.80 @ 10.90 @ 11.00 @ 11.10 @ 11.20 @ 11.30 @ 11.40 @ 11.50 @ 11.60 @ 11.70 @ 11.80 @ 11.90 @ 12.00 @ 12.10 @ 12.20 @ 12.30 @ 12.40 @ 12.50 @ 12.60 @ 12.70 @ 12.80 @ 12.90 @ 13.00 @ 13.10 @ 13.20 @ 13.30 @ 13.40 @ 13.50 @ 13.60 @ 13.70 @ 13.80 @ 13.90 @ 14.00 @ 14.10 @ 14.20 @ 14.30 @ 14.40 @ 14.50 @ 14.60 @ 14.70 @ 14.80 @ 14.90 @ 15.00 @ 15.10 @ 15.20 @ 15.30 @ 15.40 @ 15.50 @ 15.60 @ 15.70 @ 15.80 @ 15.90 @ 16.00 @ 16.10 @ 16.20 @ 16.30 @ 16.40 @ 16.50 @ 16.60 @ 16.70 @ 16.80 @ 16.90 @ 17.00 @ 17.10 @ 17.20 @ 17.30 @ 17.40 @ 17.50 @ 17.60 @ 17.70 @ 17.80 @ 17.90 @ 18.00 @ 18.10 @ 18.20 @ 18.30 @ 18.40 @ 18.50 @ 18.60 @ 18.70 @ 18.80 @ 18.90 @ 19.00 @ 19.10 @ 19.20 @ 19.30 @ 19.40 @ 19.50 @ 19.60 @ 19.70 @ 19.80 @ 19.90 @ 20.00 @ 20.10 @ 20.20 @ 20.30 @ 20.40 @ 20.50 @ 20.60 @ 20.70 @ 20.80 @ 20.90 @ 21.00 @ 21.10 @ 21.20 @ 21.30 @ 21.40 @ 21.50 @ 21.60 @ 21.70 @ 21.80 @ 21.90 @ 22.00 @ 22.10 @ 22.20 @ 22.30 @ 22.40 @ 22.50 @ 22.60 @ 22.70 @ 22.80 @ 22.90 @ 23.00 @ 23.10 @ 23.20 @ 23.30 @ 23.40 @ 23.50 @ 23.60 @ 23.70 @ 23.80 @ 23.90 @ 24.00 @ 24.10 @ 24.20 @ 24.30 @ 24.40 @ 24.50 @ 24.60 @ 24.70 @ 24.80 @ 24.90 @ 25.00 @ 25.10 @ 25.20 @ 25.30 @ 25.40 @ 25.50 @ 25.60 @ 25.70 @ 25.80 @ 25.90 @ 26.00 @ 26.10 @ 26.20 @ 26.30 @ 26.40 @ 26.50 @ 26.60 @ 26.70 @ 26.80 @ 26.90 @ 27.00 @ 27.10 @ 27.20 @ 27.30 @ 27.40 @ 27.50 @ 27.60 @ 27.70 @ 27.80 @ 27.90 @ 28.00 @ 28.10 @ 28.20 @ 28.30 @ 28.40 @ 28.50 @ 28.60 @ 28.70 @ 28.80 @ 28.90 @ 29.00 @ 29.10 @ 29.20 @ 29.30 @ 29.40 @ 29.50 @ 29.60 @ 29.70 @ 29.80 @ 29.90 @ 30.00 @ 30.10 @ 30.20 @ 30.30 @ 30.40 @ 30.50 @ 30.60 @ 30.70 @ 30.80 @ 30.90 @ 31.00 @ 31.10 @ 31.20 @ 31.30 @ 31.40 @ 31.50 @ 31.60 @ 31.70 @ 31.80 @ 31.90 @ 32.00 @ 32.10 @ 32.20 @ 32.30 @ 32.40 @ 32.50 @ 32.60 @ 32.70 @ 32.80 @ 32.90 @ 33.00 @ 33.10 @ 33.20 @ 33.30 @ 33.40 @ 33.50 @ 33.60 @ 33.70 @ 33.80 @ 33.90 @ 34.00 @ 34.10 @ 34.20 @ 34.30 @ 34.40 @ 34.50 @ 34.60 @ 34.70 @ 34.80 @ 34.90 @ 35.00 @ 35.10 @ 35.20 @ 35.30 @ 35.40 @ 35.50 @ 35.60 @ 35.70 @ 35.80 @ 35.90 @ 36.00 @ 36.10 @ 36.20 @ 36.30 @ 36.40 @ 36.50 @ 36.60 @ 36.70 @ 36.80 @ 36.90 @ 37.00 @ 37.10 @ 37.20 @ 37.30 @ 37.40 @ 37.50 @ 37.60 @ 37.70 @ 37.80 @ 37.90 @ 38.00 @ 38.10 @ 38.20 @ 38.30 @ 38.40 @ 38.50 @ 38.60 @ 38.70 @ 38.80 @ 38.90 @ 39.00 @ 3